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Chosen Days in Scotland

Laggan Avenue, Caledonian Canal.

Chosen Days in Scotland

BY

JOSEPHINE HELENA SHORT

AUTHOR OF "OBERAMMERGAU"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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Published September, 1911.

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TO

MY MOTHER

PREFACE

TRAVEL books can be written in two distinct fashions, to serve two distinct purposes—that is, to suit the needs of the tourist and supply just the information to be desired while *en tour*, or so as to inform people who travel only in their easy-chairs in company with a book about places visited by the writer of the work. It has been the aim of the author and the publishers to unite the two purposes in this volume on Scotland, and make a book which it will be to the traveller's advantage to have with him when outward bound, and also one that will be just as welcome to those whose travels do not, in any case, take them beyond their native shores. This description of "chosen days" in chosen spots of the land of heath and heather, and of Bruce and Scott and Burns, would, indeed, form a comprehensive guide-book for a tour of

Scotland, the Orkney Islands, and the Isle of Skye. At the same time the author has striven so to carry the atmosphere of her subject into her work that the library traveller will glimpse the true colouring and catch the real flavour as fully as the actual voyager. Residence of twenty years in Scotland and frequent journeys through the country—the last being in 1910—are the author's qualifications for her undertaking.

Expressions of appreciation are due to Mrs. J. Ravenel Smith, of the *Chautauquan* magazine, who is favourably known as a writer and lecturer, for her help in the final preparation of the material and for seeing the work through the press. The manuscript underwent thorough examination and revision at Mrs. Smith's hands, and the task of reading the proofs has been left entirely to her.

The majority of the photographs with which the text is illustrated were taken by the author, sometimes under trying conditions of time and weather. It has been felt that no better means of conveying to readers an idea of subjects mentioned can possibly be found

than these views, even if a Scottish lake may look misty or some ancient castle a bit gloomy. They are depicted here just as they appeared to her during the visit of last year, of which she has in the following pages given a true and, she trusts, realistic account

New York City,
July 1, 1911.

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Annalong Bay
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Solway Firth

Chosen Days in Scotland

CHAPTER I

SOME SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS

IN no other country is there compressed into so small a space so much wild and romantic scenery, so many centuries of stormy history, and so much fascinating romance as in Scotland. Scotland is only three-fifths the size of New York State, and yet in that small area are many mountains (the highest, Ben Nevis, having an altitude of four thousand four hundred and six feet); innumerable lochs (lakes) of great beauty; a coast-line deeply indented by bays, sea lochs, and long, wide mouths of tidal rivers called firths; and groups of unusual islands on the west and in the north.

The country, being readily accessible by sea, naturally became a favourite scene for the incursions and depredations of foreign invaders; and in time some of these foreigners settled in

the land and became part of it. But the inhabitants of Scotland—which in its early days was called Alban, the name Scotia not being used till the eleventh century—suffered more from the attacks of their neighbours over the Border than from any other foe. Enough blood to leave a permanent stain has been spilled along the seventy-five miles of the changing boundary. Nor were the Borderers always peaceful among themselves, for the right of the individual—to his own cattle or his own religion—was worth unhesitating defence. Yet, harassed from without or rent from within, they were indomitable.

From early records we learn that the Pictish ancestors of the Scots were an independent and warlike race; their Celtic forebears, springing from two distinct strains of Celtic blood, also manifested a marked individuality and love of freedom; the Scandinavian element has intensified these characteristics, adding, perhaps, another touch of pride. It is not to be wondered at that the Scots with this make-up never knew when they were defeated, and consequently never remained in defeat but took up the contest with renewed strength and determination, and maintained their national in-

dependence until their own Stuart king, inheriting the English crown, peacefully united the two kingdoms. After the Union it seemed for a time as if the Scots had at last lost their freedom, but their centuries of successful struggle had fostered a spirit that would never yield to what they considered injustice.

These characteristics, the results of mixed races and of stimulating environment, explain why Scotland has so varied and romantic a history; why a Scotsman cannot be turned aside when he has chosen the path he intends to follow; why the Scotsman of humblest circumstance is never servile; why, with a practical nature is combined a temperament that passes beyond the plane of the material into the supernatural; why the plans of a shrewd intelligence are realized; why intensity develops a notable seriousness; why passion enters into war and religion and love with equal fierceness.

Of two faults generally attributed to Scotsmen it may be well to speak. First, as an offset to the frequent assertion that they are brusque it will be found that the kindness and courtesy of Scotsmen of all classes to strangers *who are courteous to them* is a delightful experi-

ence, which adds one more charm to the country. Next, in reply to the common accusation of a lack of humour, it is fair to insist that they have humour of their own sort. The very Englishmen who berate Scotsmen as too thick-headed to see the point of a joke are surprised to find themselves regarded in the same light by Americans. Humour has its national peculiarities and it would make for a better understanding among the races of the world if each should try to grasp the jokes of his neighbour.

That Scotsmen, however patriotic, are not slavishly bound to their own land has always been evident. In the Middle Ages they were to be found as soldiers of fortune all over Europe, fighting in continental armies and studying in foreign universities. To-day they are marketing tweeds in New York, raising oranges in Florida, running electric plants in South America, hunting big game in Africa, and mining in Mexico with all their racial enthusiasm and determination, while a sufficient contingent is left at home to enter vigorously into the conduct of Church and State, and to slaughter birds on the twelfth of August.

Scotland, even to the Orkneys and the Outer Hebrides, is dotted over with monuments that

range all the way from the prehistoric menhirs, cromlechs, and circles of standing stones to the ruins of the noble castles and the stately abbeys of the Middle Ages. One cannot travel many miles in any direction without seeing the ruins of peel towers and castles, with which the country abounded and which testify to the constant warfare in which the people were engaged. The architecture varies from the crude buildings of a crude people to the employment of a developed style. Possibly the most characteristic expression is that combination of exquisite and elaborate carving of flowers and leaves with the dignified conventionalities of determined ecclesiastical forms.

Many of the place-names of Scotland, especially those derived from the Gaelic and the Norse, are musical and fascinating. The very sound of "Linlithgow" has a charm, and when we know that the word means "dear broad lake" it is not lessened; "Dunfermline" means "crooked hill of Melyn"; "Argyle," or "Argyll," is the "district of the Gaels."

Gaelic still is known in the Highlands and islands, and its softened gutturals and Scandinavian borrowings make it musical to hear and interesting to study.

To those who like an invigorating atmosphere and enjoy out-of-door life Scotland offers every attraction. The boating on the lochs and among the islands stirs a joy that thrills even the prosaic traveller, and the coaching excursions through famous glens and valleys, along the banks of lovely lochs, or over high mountain moorlands purple with heather, delight not only for the moment, but fill the memory with pictures. Climbers will find peaks worthy of their mettle, for anglers there is fishing of the best, and those who are fond of the ancient game of golf will enjoy playing it on its native heath.

One delightful way of seeing the country might be by motor-car. "Might be"—for usually the temptation to speed over the splendid roads is so irresistible that few go slowly enough to allow their occupants really to enjoy the scenery. It must be like flying through the country in an express train, where the pictures come so fast they cannot make a clear impression but melt into a confused blur. Travellers sitting with old-fashioned composure on the decks of the Caledonian Canal steamers, enjoying magnificent views of the lovely, varied landscape they are gliding by,

see darting along the wooded road on the banks motor-cars, which flash past in an instant. Many people now elect to "do" the canal trip in this way, thereby losing not only much of the beautiful scenery, but also much of the real charm of the route. Their rush gives the impression that they have no time to enjoy the place they are in, but are always hurrying to get on to some other spot. It is not in this way that the keenest enjoyment can be had of any country—least of all of one so filled with possibilities that every day may easily become one of the "chosen" days that burn brightly in the memory.

CHAPTER II

THE BORDER

IT seems as if Nature herself meant to draw a line between the northman and the southron, for across what is one of the narrowest parts of the British Isle, from Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tweed, she has set a barrier that is practically continuous. From the rugged Cheviot Hills in the centre, the Liddel and the Sark flow southwest into the Solway while the Tweed seeks the German Ocean by a northeast course. Along this Border the pretext of "self-defence" served, as it does in many another part of the world even to-day, as an excuse for all sorts of lawlessness. Thus there gathered on both sides of the line, ruffians and freebooters and cattle thieves whose raids and robberies kept the Border barons in a state of turmoil, in which, perhaps, even they were not loath to participate. The rough country lent itself to ambush and surprise, whose circumvention sharpened wits and pro-

moted activity. It was a life of daring and doing, where boldness played high stakes with death and often won from utter recklessness.

With all its sordidness of motive and action it was a life of romance, if romance takes note of deeds of courage, of wonderful escapes, of shrewd chances taken for love's sake, of strange warnings, and mysterious guidances. There was law about it, too—the binding law of hospitality, of loyalty to kindred, of defence of wife and child, and of the upholding of honour, albeit that was often of the kind known "among thieves."

That it was a life to stir the imagination is shown by the many ballads that sing of Border deeds, a half dozen versions now and again relating each story. It was no small gift of Sir Walter's to the records of his country—his collection of Scottish Minstrelsy.

With the Cheviots stretching their sturdy length almost from sea to sea the traveller must enter Scotland as they dictate, at one end or the other, by Carlisle on the south and west, or by Newcastle on the north and east. Perhaps the visitor is eager to wed his Scotland quickly, in which case he makes his way to the wee village of Gretna Green, for long

years the Mecca of runaway lovers, even the supposedly serious, like Lord Brougham and Lord Erskine, and somewhat disappointing to any one who expects to find that love heavily charged the atmosphere or left behind it any expression in beauty. A few miles to the north, is Ecclefechan, a grim little town where Carlyle was born. Not far off is Solway Moss, where Queen Mary's father, James V, suffered at the hands of the English a defeat that was so bitter to him that he died of the humiliation, a few days after the birth of his daughter.

Flowing through this bit of country toward the Solway, whose remarkable tides are described in "Redgauntlet" and elsewhere ("Love swells like the Solway and ebbs like its tide"), is the Esk River. This is the storied stream young Lochinvar swam "where ford there was none" to reach Netherby Hall, still standing on Cannobie Lea as when there was "racing and chasing" after "the lost bride of Netherby." Liddesdale, not far beyond, recalls Dandie Dinmont; and Hermitage Castle, the malign figure of Bothwell.

Out of all harmony with its fair setting, Hermitage Castle has a history of horror pro-

vided both by the natural and the supernatural. In the reign of Robert Bruce it belonged to William de Soulis, who entered into a conspiracy against his sovereign. "Boil him if you like, but let me hear no more of him" Robert is said to have exclaimed pettishly in the hearing of men who had suffered from de Soulis's barbarities, and who were only too glad to take the permission literally. The stones from which the kettle was hung are still shown on a nearby slope to silence the doubting. Further proof that the castle has seen cruelty lies in the existence, in the thickness of the wall, of a dungeon twelve feet deep, whose only opening is a hole eighteen inches square at the top. It is small wonder that the peasantry believed that an evil spirit dwelt in the place long before Bothwell's day, and that the ruin was sinking into the ground because of its sins.

Near the Teviot is Branksome Tower, whose ample walls make it easy to believe the "Lay of the Last Minstrel's" declaration that

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;

Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all;
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.''

Even now there are but few villages in the heart of the Cheviots, but just beyond their roughest part, as they trace the Border from west to east, and over the English line is the fatal Field of Flodden.

''Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their English post,
And, heedful, watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.''

On Flodden Field James IV, surrounded by his nobles, fought with such rash and short-sighted daring that he sacrificed not only his own life, but that of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and of over two score of the noblest blood of Scotland. ''The Flowers of the Forest,'' by Jean Elliot, refers to the battle of Flodden.

''Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border,
The English for ance by guile won the day:
The Flowers of the Forest that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

"We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

On the north bank of the Tweed, three miles from Flodden, is Coldstream, where, in 1659, General Monk raised for the support of Charles II the regiment which still bears the name of the Coldstream Guards.

More interesting to lovers of Scott is nearby Norham Castle, whose description opens "Marmion."

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep."

Built by Bishop Flamberg of Durham, it saw the tumultuous scenes common to the Border life of the time, and was also the spot where on more than one occasion the sovereigns of England and of Scotland met to discuss the disputes between them.

Not far away, at the mouth of the Tweed, is Berwick, an English possession since the fifteenth century, but long a subject for fierce contention because of its strategic position between the two kingdoms. The old part of the town is completely encircled by a wall

which is a vantage point for broad views. The chief interest is Lindisfarne, the 'Holy Island' of early Christian days.

"It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas
It freshly blew and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle
It bore a bark along."

Lindisfarne is called by Bede a "semi-isle," because it can be reached at low tide by a walk of three miles across the sands. The ruins of its monastery indicate the great age of the building.

"In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned
With massive arches broad and round
That rose alternate, row and row
On ponderous columns, short and low."

"Marmion's" description of the approach to Lindisfarne along the Northumbrian coast gives a list that cannot be bettered of the "sights" in the vicinity of Berwick.

"And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.

Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea thro' sounding woods;
They passed the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next they crossed themselves to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock looks grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.''

CHAPTER III

SCOTT'S COUNTRY

MELROSE, a quaint little town, is delightfully situated on the Tweed at the foot of the Eildon Hills and in the heart of a country thrilling with romance which makes it an objective point for countless pilgrims to-day as it was many centuries ago. Within a fifteen mile radius from Melrose is a charmed circle that has not only some of the loveliest scenery of Scotland, but also many of the most famous places of Scottish song and story. It is a large part of that celebrated Border country, whose stormy life of long ago is preserved in the stirring old ballads Sir Walter loved. Within this circle are the ruins of four stately abbeys, the remains of royal castles, many Border keeps or peels, and the very soul of the ballad country, the Vale of Yarrow. Above all, here is Abbotsford, filled with memories of the genius who so caught the spirit of the past and made it real to us

that he has been called "The Wizard of the North."

In the sleepy little town of Melrose, with its aged market cross, stands the most beautiful monastic ruin of Scotland. Indeed it would be difficult to find one more beautiful in any land. The original Monastery of Melrose was founded two miles farther down the river in the time of Columba. Under St. Cuthbert it had a widespread influence, but it was in time destroyed, and Queen Margaret's son, David I, that "sair sanct to the crown," according to James VI, rebuilt it on its present site and endowed it with broad, rich lands, which are quaintly enumerated in the following extract from the royal charter granting the Abbey to the Cistercian Order of monks.

"I, David I, by the grace of God King of the Scots, ... have granted and given to God, and to St. Mary of Melrose, and to the Monks of Rievalle serving God at that place, and to their successors, for a perpetual possession, the lands of Melrose, and the whole land of Eildon, and the whole land of Dernick, ... all the fruits, and pasture, and timber in my land, and in the forest of Selkirk and Traquair, and between Gala and Leader water, besides both the fishery on the Tweed everywhere, on this side of the

river as on mine . . . . I have given and confirmed to them, in addition, the whole land and pasture of Gattonside.''

In the days when the possession of land meant power, the religious houses grew to importance, for, in addition to the grants made by the king, the abbeys received many gifts from the nobles; and their abbots, who were men of learning and affairs, exercised great influence over the country. The rules of the different orders were strict, and through several centuries were rigidly enforced. The great establishments were centres of learning, of handicraft, and of agriculture, and they must have disseminated much knowledge of different kinds among the people living near them. The poor were under their protection.

Since Melrose Abbey was on the highway from England to Scotland it now threw open its gates to weary travellers and then kept them closed against a foe. It was destroyed by Edward II, and rebuilt by Robert Bruce. Richard II, after spending the night there, set fire to the fane in the morning. Its final destruction was at the hands of the vandal

Hertford, obedient to the command of Henry VIII. Tradition says that the Earl of Hertford and his troops were on their way back to England, having passed Melrose and Dryburgh, when they heard the bells of one of the monasteries ringing an incautiously joyful peal, expressive of the relief of the monks who had so often been harried and driven forth by the enemy. It was their death-knell, for at the sound the English hurried back and the destruction of the Abbey followed. It is a cause for thanksgiving that Hertford did not raze the beautiful structure to the ground; as a matter of fact rather more of it remains than of the other abbeys of this region. What the English left was still further despoiled by the Reformers, and the ruin was used as a quarry by the people of the neighbourhood.

The wall enclosing the Abbey precincts was over a mile around, but of the extensive monastic buildings only the ruins of the Abbey church are left. The church, built in the form of a cross, is a most exquisitely beautiful piece of Gothic architecture, whether it is illuminated by the rays of the sun or "by the pale moonlight." In looking at the east oriel, the finest feature of the ruins, enjoyment is

enhanced by recalling the description in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined.
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed.
Full in the midst his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandishèd,
And trampled the Apostate's pride;
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain."

In the chancel is the tomb of Michael Scot, the famous scholar and traveller of the thirteenth century. He had delved deep into the occult sciences of the age and displayed powers which made him known throughout Europe, and gave him the name of the "Wizard."

"The wondrous Michael Scot,
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!"

Under the east window, among the ruins of the Abbey which his munificence restored, is buried the heart of Robert Bruce, brought back from Spain with the body of his friend, Sir James Douglas, who had set sail with a large retinue to carry the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land to place it in the Holy Sepulchre. Of a worthy local family a quaintly carved legend says:

"THE DUST OF MANY GENERATIONS OF THE BOSTONS OF GATTONSIDE IS DEPOSITED IN THIS PLACE. WE GIVE OUR BODIES TO THIS HOLY ABBEY TO KEEP."

The cloisters are entered through Deloraine's doorway—the "steele-clenched postern" of "The Lay"[1]—near which is the inscription

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[1] "By a steele-clenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small:
The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound."

whose dignity so impressed Washington Irving:

"HEIR LYIS THE RACE
OF YE HOUS OF ZAIR."

Of the exquisite carving of the cloisters, Lockhart declares that they are "unrivalled by anything anywhere extant, I do not say in Gothic architecture merely, but in any architecture whatever. Roses and lilies, and thistles, and ferns and heaths, in all their varieties, and oak leaves and ash leaves, and a thousand beautiful shapes besides, are chiseled with such inimitable truth, and such grace of nature, that the finest botanist in the world could not desire a better *hortus siccus*, so far as they go."

The greater part of the Abbey is built of a greyish-pink stone that hardens with age, and perhaps that is the reason that most of the carvings which have not been defaced by the hand of man are as fresh as if they had been finished yesterday.

In the churchyard, from the southeast corner of which is a beautiful view of the Abbey, are several interesting tombstones, one of them bearing lines often quoted by Scott.

"THE EARTH GOETH ON THE EARTH,
GLIST'RING LIKE GOLD;
THE EARTH GOES TO THE EARTH
SOONER THAN IT WOLD;
THE EARTH BUILDS ON THE EARTH
CASTLES AND TOWERS;
THE EARTH SAYS TO THE EARTH,
ALL SHALL BE OURS."

Not far from this is the stone erected by Sir Walter in memory of his faithful servant, Thomas Purdie, the forester at Abbotsford. The inscription is simple and appreciative.

It has a great charm, the old Abbey, with its graceful arches, flying buttresses, delicate tracery, lovely carvings, and wealth of associations. Scott, we are told, loved to linger in the ruin, and a stone is pointed out where he used to rest. He often took his friends over the Abbey, and he made a farewell visit here before his death. Though so often quoted, his descriptive lines never can be too often recalled:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout the ruins grey.

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair'

The beauty of the gardens and orchards and rich green meadows that surround Melrose is a legacy from the Cistercian monks who brought their broad acres under a state of great cultivation. "The Monastery" gives a faithful description of life in these old monastic establishments.

Beside Melrose rise the Eildon Hills of many legends. According to tradition the three summits were conjured from one by the magic of Michael Scot.

"And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three."

One legend relates that in the caverns of this hill Arthur and his knights sleep in full armour, awaiting "the blast of the trumpet which shall wake them at Scotland's need."

"Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a knight,
A raven plume waves o'er each helmèd crest,
And black the mail which binds each manly breast.

"Say, who is he, with summons strong and high,
That bids the charmèd sleep of ages fly,
Rolls the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,
While each dark warrior rouses at the blast,
His horn, his falchion grasps with mighty hand,
And peals proud Arthur's march from Fairyland?"
—LEYDEN'S "Scenes of Infancy," Part II.

Scott's charming ballad, "Thomas the Rhymer," tells another picturesque legend of the Eildon Hills, where, in less mythical days, the Romans had a camp.

From the Abbey every traveller makes his way promptly to that shrine of American pilgrims, stately Abbotsford. It is a pleasant drive of three miles through a smiling country of fertile fields which once formed a small part of the extensive holdings of the Abbey of Melrose. The home of the great Borderer stands on the south bank of the Tweed, on a site that to the ordinary observer would have possessed

little attraction. Its possibilities, however, were so clear to Sir Walter's vision that the house he built and the woods he planted make a beautiful picture. His ambition to be a "laird," to found a new branch of the Scott family, and to entertain his friends with true Border hospitality, began its realization in a hundred acres of land which, before his death, increased to more than a thousand, while the cottage of the beginning grew to a castle or "manor-house" as he liked to call it.

As visitors are admitted by a rear entrance on the garden side of the house, they miss the imposing front view of Abbotsford usually seen in photographs. Sir Walter fulfilled his desire to exercise unlimited hospitality, for up to the last days his home was almost always full of guests. Wordsworth writes of his own visit there, on the eve of Sir Walter's departure for Naples, where he went on that vain, sad search for health: "The inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; Mr. Liddell, his lady and brother, and Mr. Allan, the painter; and Mr. Laidlaw, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the

Abbottsford from the Garden Side.

house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not await my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humourous way. With this exhibition, and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, as indeed were we all as far as circumstances would allow."

A wicket-gate opens upon a narrow, gravelled path leading to a basement-room. Registering in the visitors' book precedes admission into the book-lined study upstairs. It looks almost as if the great author had just left the room, where, before the desk at which most of the Waverleys were written, stands the big, worn leather chair pushed a little aside. It was always a matter for wonder to Sir Walter's friends that he could accomplish so much and yet have time at his disposal. Around the room runs a light gallery reached by a small spiral staircase by which the "Wizard" could disappear, unobserved, to his own room.

From the study opens the spacious library,

in which, we are told, there are about twenty thousand volumes, many of them rare and of great value. In this room hangs a full-length portrait of Scott's beloved son, Walter, who died in 1847. Here also is the Chantrey bust which Lockhart said "alone preserves for posterity the cast of expression most fondly remembered by all who mingled in Scott's domestic circle." In the drawing-room is a beautiful portrait of Scott by Raeburn. The other portraits are of Lady Scott; Scott's mother; his daughters, Anne and Sophia; and his great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the wife of the Hon. Constable-Maxwell. Their eldest son, Walter, is the heir of the estate, which was said to be entailed, but which is supposed to have been sold recently to an American. In a cabinet in the drawing-room are many relics, among them the crucifix carried by Mary, Queen of Scots, when she went to her death in Fotheringay Castle.

The windows of the dining-room, which is not shown to tourists, overlook the Tweed. It was in this room, where they had brought him that he might enjoy the view he loved so well, that the great man died. The armoury and the adjoining entrance-hall have a most inter-

esting collection of arms and suits of mail and other historic relics. The sword of the great Montrose, the pistol of Claverhouse, the sword, gun, dirk, and sporran of Rob Roy, the keys of Loch Leven Castle, the rifle of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, portraits of Prince Charles Edward, which probably gave Sir Walter the descriptions of the young "Chevalier" in "Waverley," the enormous keys of the Edinburgh Tolbooth, the last suit worn by Sir Walter, the mistletoe chest of Ginevra —these are a few of the treasures in the collection at Abbotsford. It is difficult to escape a feeling of sadness in these rooms so thronged with associations, the saddest of them all the last brave, successful effort of the unconquered soul whose genius converted his dreams of a home to be handed down to his posterity into a reality which now to some degree belongs to all who love his memory.

A few miles farther up the Tweed lies Ashestiel, which for many reasons deserves to be almost as great a shrine as Abbotsford, for it was Scott's home during eight of the happiest years of his life. It was here that he finished "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and wrote "Marmion" and "The Lady of the

Lake." It is a charming place, of which Lockhart says that a "more beautiful situation as the home of a poet could not be conceived."

A few miles south lies Selkirk, which, though a very old town, may be passed lightly, as its greatest attractions are its proximity to the charmed regions of Ettrick and Yarrow, and the memory that Scott was Sheriff of Selkirkshire for thirty-two years, a fact commemorated by a statue. Another statue honours Mungo Park, the African explorer and Scott's friend, who was born but a few miles away.

Across the Ettrick Water from Selkirk is Philiphaugh, the scene of the defeat (in 1645) of the Royalist forces under Montrose. This battle brought to an end the brilliant campaign conducted by Montrose for over a year, during which, with small resources, he won six victories. Undoubtedly in both armies were men like those admired by Burns's lasses:

"There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Gala Water."

Carterhaugh, the tongue of land where the Yarrow and the Ettrick join, is the scene of

one of the best known and most ancient of the Scottish fairy ballads, "Tamlane."

"O I forbid ye, maidens a'
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there."

Ettrick Forest, once a royal hunting ground, covered the gentle, rounding slope of the hills that overlook Yarrow, and indeed extended all the way to Ayrshire. In "The Outlaw Murray," in the "Border Minstrelsy," it is thus described:

"Ettrick Forest is a fair forest,
In it grows many a seemly tree;
There's hart and hind, and dae and rae
And of a' wild beasts great plentie."

In Scott's day the rough slopes were given over to sheepwalks, and to-day there are no trees on the green-clad hills, which nevertheless are fair, and, though they have been the scene of many a Border strife, now have the great charm of peace.

The beauties of the Vale of Yarrow are pictured by James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," whose whole life was spent in this

region, and by Scott, Wordsworth, Leyden, and a host of other writers. The spot has always been a favourite subject for poets, and its charms have been sung in countless ballads.

Scott introduces Newark Tower, on the south bank of Yarrow Water, into "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

> "He passed where Newark's stately tower
> Looks down from Yarrow's birchen bower."

The tower, splendidly situated on a knoll, was a royal residence, and is very old.

> "Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
> Sallied a Scottish monarch's power;
> A thousand vassals muster'd round,
> With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound."

Near Yarrow is supposed to have taken place the great combat described in the ballad "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow":

> "Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
> And ere they paid the lawing,
> They set a combat them between,
> To fight it in the dawing."

The most romantic part of the Vale is beau-

tiful St. Mary's Loch, which has been best described by Scott in "Marmion":

"By lone St. Mary's silent lake;
Thou knowest it well—nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there.
Save where of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even his nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness;
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summertide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep:
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded flower."

At the north end of the Loch is the ruined Tower of Dryhope, once the home of Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow" sung by Allan Ramsay.

On a ridge separating St. Mary's Loch from the smaller Loch of the Lowes just beyond, is Tibbie Shiels's Inn, a hostelry which became famous as the resort of Scott, Hogg, Wilson ("Christopher North") and many of their celebrated contemporaries. A statue of the "Ettrick Shepherd" has been erected near by.

Among the countless charming spots hereabouts is Traquair. It lies a few miles over the hills to the north, and its woods are more than suggestive of the lost ballad, "The Bush aboon Traquair." Traquair House (whose oldest part was built in 900) was once a royal palace, for five hundred years a possession of the Stuart family. With its tower and turrets and other mediæval characteristics it is an admirable example of the stately mansions of centuries ago. Many other houses claim to be the original of "Tullyveolan," but as Scott was living within a few miles of Traquair House when he began "Waverley," he probably had this place in mind.

South of the Yarrow is the Valley of the

Ettrick, whose beauty adds to the enchantment of this region.

From Melrose a lovely drive of six miles leads to the vicinity of Dryburgh Abbey. This drive was so beloved by Sir Walter Scott that when his funeral train passed over it, the horses stopped of their own accord at a point commanding one of his favourite views. The Abbey stands on a well-wooded peninsula in a sharp bend of the Tweed, southeast of Melrose. The Tweed is crossed by a long footbridge not far from the beautiful ruin of which Wordsworth says:

> "There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
> Both lying right before us;
> And Dryburgh, where, with chiming Tweed,
> The lintwhites sing in chorus."

The Abbey has a lovely setting of velvety greensward and noble trees—cedar, sycamore, and yew. One of the yews is said to be as old as the Abbey itself, which was founded in 1150 by Hugh de Moreville and his wife Beatrice de Beauchamp. Hugh de Moreville was the nephew of the de Moreville concerned in the assassination of Thomas à Becket.

Dryburgh was richly endowed and had wide

possessions. Its monks belonged to the Præmonstratensian order. The heads of the Abbey wore the title "Lord Abbot," and many of them were men of state as well as of affairs, filling such offices as those of ambassador and envoy. These monks seem to have been favoured at Rome, for among the papal bulls is one granted by Pope Lucius III in 1183, in which he "granted them permission, whenever the Kingdom was laid under an interdict, to celebrate Divine service in their church in a low voice with the doors shut and without ringing of bells, all excommunicated and interdicted persons being shut out."

Like its neighbours, Dryburgh suffered from the incendiary habits of Edward II, Richard II, and the Earl of Hertford, as well as from the zeal of the Reformers. The ruins, on which grow masses of ivy and laburnum, belong, for the most part, to the Norman and the early Gothic periods. There are many fine arches and a beautiful St. Catherine's window. Beneath the floor of the chapter-house lie the remains of the founders. St. Mary's aisle, a part of the north transept, is of early English Gothic. Beneath are three vaults, one of them that of the Haliburtons from whom

Scott was descended and to whom the Abbey once belonged. This is why the body of Sir Walter is buried here with the remains of Lady Scott, their eldest son and his wife, and J. G. Lockhart, the writer's son-in-law. Here also is the vault of the Haigs of Bemerside, of whom Thomas of Ercildoune prophesied:

> "Come weal, come woe, whate'er betide,
> There'll aye be Haigs in Bemersyde."

There are still Haigs in Bemerside, though the prophesy was made nearly seven hundred years ago.

Dryburgh is so out of the beaten track that it is a haven of peace and rest, and a stay among its vine-covered ruins makes one forget the flying hours.

At about an equal distance—some six or seven miles—from Dryburgh and Melrose is Sandyknowe. Here was the farm of Scott's grandfather—

> . . . "the thatched mansion's grey-haired Sire,
> Wise without learning, plain and good,
> And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood"—

—and here the eighteen months' old Walter, already a victim to the infantile paralysis that

was a gift of the basement nursery of the old house in Edinburgh's College Wynd, received from the open-air life of the country the counteracting gift of the robust health that caused Carlyle to say of him that "no sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time." It was at Sandyknowe that the sensitive boy at an impressionable age drank in the Border tales and legends told him by his Aunt Janet and by his caretakers, the shepherd in the field, the housekeeper knitting before the fire, and the dairymaid hastening through the dusk lest witchcraft be abroad. He made the nearby woods and rocks so much his own that they were ever before him when he needed them for verse or prose. Smailholme Tower, ruined by Cromwell, on its bold promontory above the Tweed, made especial appeal to his imagination. He alludes to it in the introduction to "Marmion":

> "Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
> Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour,"

and he made it the scene of the Border ballad, "The Eve of St. John," which ends with a truly Presbyterian bestowal of justice.

"There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

"That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron."

A few miles farther down, where the Tweed is joined by the Teviot, stand the ruins of still another Abbey church. Kelso Abbey resembles a Norman Castle rather than a religious building, probably with good reason, for undoubtedly its inmates needed ample protection in the troublous days of Border warfare. The scene around the town of Kelso is described by Scott's friend Leyden in "Scenes of Infancy":

"Teviot farewell! for now thy silver tide
Commixed with Tweed's pellucid stream shall glide;
But all thy green and pastoral beauties fail
To match the softness of thy parting vale;
Bosom'd in woods, where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun:
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And, fring'd with hazel, winds each flowery dell;
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed;

Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise.''

The ruin of the Abbey is quite different from either Melrose or Dryburgh, though it has almost the same history. Its massive tower, with part of its chancel and the transepts, is almost all that is left of the once extensive building. The foundation was originally made at Selkirk by Prince David, but when he became king he transferred the establishment to Kelso in 1128. Its monks, who belonged to the Tyronensian order, were distinguished not only for their learning, but also for their skill as artisans. A qualification for admittance to the order was knowledge of one of the useful or the ornamental arts, and the institution played a serviceable part in the life of the district, both as a craft school and as a provider of trained workmen for any undertaking. The monks of Kelso were especially noted for their beautiful writing and illumination of manuscripts.

The Abbey became enormously wealthy, its possessions extending as far north as Aberdeen, and its abbots rivalling the Scottish bishops in power and influence. Here James III was crowned, and here, after his father's death at

Kelso Abbey.

Sauchieburn, was crowned James IV, who fell at Flodden. The church's later history, however, is the often-repeated tale of dispossession at the time of the Reformation, of destruction at the hands of the English, especially of Hertford in 1545, and of desecration by the troops of the Covenanters after Charles I was given over to the English. In 1699 the lower part of the ruins was used as a Reformed church. Above it a sort of garret served the purpose of a prison, the spot which Edie Ochiltree in the "Antiquary" describes with much philosophy as "not such a doom's bad place." Still other vicissitudes have made the building a playground for schoolboys and the workshop of a firm of millwrights. It belongs now to the Duke of Roxburgh, to whose ancestor, Sir Robert Kerr, it was granted in 1592.

The town of Kelso has grown up among the trees and meadows by which the Abbey formerly was surrounded. Scott, who, at the age of ten, went to the Grammar School, which was then attached to the rear of the Abbey, called Kelso "the prettiest village in Scotland." In 1715 the Pretender was proclaimed James VIII in the Market Place.

At Kelso the Tweed and the Teviot unite.

Michael Scot, the Wizard, is said to have had strange dealings here with Satan, whom he forced to set stepping-stones across the stream.

"He bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone,"

says the "Lay."

On a mound half a mile from Teviot Bridge are a few fragments of thick wall, the only remnants of what was once the strongest of the Border fortresses and a royal stronghold. Roxburgh Castle had a rich and varied history from the time when David I lived there as Earl of Northumberland. Across the Tweed from this historic spot is Fleurs or Floors Castle, an early eighteenth century building in the Tudor style, the modern seat of the Duke of Roxburgh.

A branch railroad running through green fields and following the winding Teviot brings us to the most famous of the old Border towns, Jedburgh, the county seat of Roxburgh. It is a quaint, clean little place on the Jed Water, which Leyden addresses:

"Oh softly, Jed! thy sylvan current lead
Round every hazel copse and smiling mead,
Where lines of firs the glowing landscape screen,
And crown the heights with tufts of deeper green."

In ancient times the village was surrounded by Jed Forest, as famous in its way as Ettrick Forest. In this vicinity many battles were fought in which the Jedburgh burghers are reputed to have taken a joyous part. Their town often was seized by the enemy, and they were always on the defensive, ready to serve out "Jethart justice," which, as is too often true with our own Lynch law, made hanging precede investigation.

The Castle of Jedburgh was one of the strongest on the Border, and was a favourite place of residence of many of Scotland's kings, among them David I, his grandson, Malcolm IV, William the Lion, who was seized by Henry II of England and bought his freedom only by acknowledging the feudal authority of his captor, and Alexander II, who sided with the barons against King John in the struggle which resulted in the giving of Magna Charta. Alexander III, the last Scottish King crowned at Scone on the Stone of Destiny, was married in Jedburgh Abbey to Jolande, the lovely daughter of the Count of Dreux, and the marriage festivities culminated in a masked ball given at the Castle. When the gaiety was at its height, as the King was about to

take the hand of the Queen, who was his partner in the dance, he met the outstretched hand of a skeleton. The spectre kept pace before him, and terror filled the royal pair and their guests at the sight of the apparition. The Lord Abbot raised his crucifix and was about to exorcise the dreadful vision when it disappeared. At the king's command the revels ceased. In six months Alexander was dead. Thomas Heywood, the seventeenth century English dramatist, tells the story of this grisly happening in his long poem, "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels" (1635).

"In the mid revels, the first ominous night
Of their espousals, when the room shone bright
With lighted tapers—the King and Queen leading
The curious measures, lords and ladies treading
The self-same strains—the King looks back by chance
And spies a strange intruder fill the dance;
Namely, a mere anatomy; quite bare,
His naked limbs both without flesh and hair
(As we decipher Death), who stalks about,
Keeping true measure till the dance be out.
The King, with all the rest, affrighted stand,
The spectre vanished, and then strict command
Was given to break up revels; each 'gan fear
The other, and presage disaster near.

If any ask, what did of this succeed?
The King soon after falling from his steed
Unhappily died; after whose death, ensuing,
Was to the land sedition, wrack, and ruin."

What is left of the magnificent red sandstone Abbey stands at the top of the town on the bank of the Jed, with rich meadows and stately old trees across the river. This, another of King David's foundations, was built in the form of a St. John's cross about 1150, and suffered from the same disasters that befel the other three abbeys of this section. The ruin is noble and imposing, though all that is now standing is the great tower with one of the transepts and the nave. Fergusson, the authority on architecture, considers that the Norman work of the abbey churches of Jedburgh and Kelso show that when they were built, the style was developed and understood. Much of the decoration is delicate and graceful, and the fancy turns as always in such spots to contemplation of the reverend workmen, toiling to beautify the shrine they loved. Scott says:

"The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Grey moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll;

The long ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk—
God's blessing on his soul!"

One of these chapels of the Abbey was used for a long time to house the Grammar School, whose best known pupil was James Thomson, author of "The Seasons." Mary Somerville, the mathematician, was born in the manse near the Abbey in 1780, and the Jedburghers are glad to claim Sir David Brewster as a native of the town.

Like every spot with which Queen Mary had connection, a special interest attaches to the house in Jedburgh where she lodged when, five years after her return from France to take possession of her kingdom, she went to the Border to hold a Justice Aire that should deal summarily with the ruffians who were troubling the marches. Bothwell, whose strong will already was drawing Mary to him and to her destruction, was at that time Warden of the Marches and it was a part of his duty to capture the freebooters and take them before the court. He was wounded in an encounter with John Eliot of the Park, who, according to the ballad, boasted of his success:

"I vanquished the Queen's Lieutenant
And gar'd his fierce troopers flee:
My name it is little Jock Eliot
And wha daur meddle wi' me?"

Bothwell was carried to Hermitage Castle in a dangerous condition which roused acutest anxiety in the breast of Mary. Accompanied by an escort of her nobles she rode at such speed as a broken and dangerous country permitted to see her lieutenant, and, after a two hour conference with him, returned at once to Jedburgh. The exhausting forty mile expedition threw the Queen into a fever the very next day, and for three weeks she lay ill, sometimes unconscious, in the gloomy three-storied house with the winding stair opposite Smith's Wynd. Darnley made a one-day visit of inquiry, but the conjugal bond was tightly strained between them, and four months later he was murdered, at Bothwell's instigation with small doubt, and with no doubt at all for Bothwell's benefit. When misfortunes crowded upon Mary it is said that she was often heard to regret that she had not died during her illness at Jedburgh.

A house in which Burns once visited, another where Wordsworth and his sister stayed, and

yet another in which Prince Charlie lodged when he brought a part of his Highland army through the town in 1745, are among the sights of Jedburgh.

CHAPTER IV

EDINBURGH

EDINBURGH is one of the most beautiful and fascinating cities of Europe, yet it is difficult to account for the completeness of its charm. It is not alone because of its dominant position on an eminence near the sea and encircled by hills, nor of its centuries of history woven with thrilling episodes, nor of its traditions of wit and learning, nor of its numerous educational opportunities whence it is called "The Modern Athens." Perhaps the underlying element of its attraction is that the city, with its associations, is the expression of a people of variety, individuality, and force.

"Mine own romantic town" and "Edina, Scotia's Darling Seat," terms used by Scott and Burns in writing of their beloved city, beautifully express the pride and love for Edinburgh which is a part of the Scotsman's very being. The reek of smoke from the lofty Old

Town's welter of chimneys won for it the name "Auld Reekie."

Yet, strangely enough, Edinburgh was not only founded and named by an English king, but for four centuries it was an English Border town. In 1018, after a Scottish victory over the English, it was ceded to the northern country, but it was not regarded as the capital until three centuries later. It has had a stormy history, and during Scotland's three centuries of alliance with France, it was subject to French influences which are shown even now in its buildings, laws, customs, and language.

To the stranger who visits Edinburgh today, the true Edinburgh—the Edinburgh of chronicle and romance—is Old Edinburgh. A greater contrast than that presented by the Old Town's grace and stateliness with the pompous dignity of the so-called New Town, denounced by Ruskin, it would be difficult to imagine. They express the times in which they grew—the Old Town, through centuries of stress and turmoil, of triumphs and defeats, showing the imprint of strong and varied personalities; the New Town, laid out according to a plan made about 1770, with streets at right angles and a sameness of building that

was a reflection of the prosaic spirit of the period. The names of the streets, "George," with "Queen" on one side, and "Princes" on the other, and "Hanover," "Charlotte," and "Frederick," running across, betray the decorous desire of the citizens duly to compliment the royal family.

To picture the Old Town as it was even a hundred and fifty years ago, we must think of it as standing alone on its lofty ridge—at the west end the majestic, castle-crowned rock. At the base of the castle-rock was a small lake, called the Nor' Loch, and a ravine, now filled and converted into the Princes Street Gardens, ran along the foot of the ridge. Beyond this, where the New Town now lies, the hilly ground was covered with broom and heather. It is not surprising that, when the North Bridge was thrown across the ravine, and the new town was planned, migration, once begun, went on rapidly, for the old town covered a surprisingly small area. It would seem that land was dear in those days, for when population pressed, builders forestalled modern American customs and built into the air—houses of ten and twelve stories, which were occupied as flats according to the French

fashion. Old Edinburgh sloped from the castle at one end for about a mile to the Palace of Holyrood at the other, and comprised little more than the historic old High Street, which connects the two, the Cowgate, parallel to the High Street, Greyfriars, in whose Churchyard the Covenant was signed amid scenes of wild and fanatical enthusiasm, hundreds, it is said, writing the signature with their blood, and the Grassmarket, the place where heretics and witches were burned and the scene of many executions.

The Castle, around which grew the town, is the natural starting-point of any inspection. The rock, like a fortress in itself, has only the castle-rock at Stirling to compare with it in boldness and dignity. Burns describes it thus:

> "There, watching high the least alarms,
> Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
> Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
> And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
> The ponderous wall and massy bar,
> Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
> Have oft withstood assailing war,
> And oft repell'd the invader's shock."

It is said that in early times there was a stronghold here called the "Castrum Puel-

Edinburgh Castle.

larum'' or Castle of the Maidens, where the daughters of the Pictish Kings were educated and kep in safety until they were married. However this may be, in 626 or thereabout, Edwin of Northumbria built or rebuilt on this rock a castle called Edwin's Burgh, which gave its name to the town that grew up about it. A large part of the Castle was destroyed in 1572, but was rebuilt before the end of the century.

At a distance the buildings on the rock seem a part of it. On three sides it is precipitous, but on the east leading to the entrance is a broad esplanade on which the kilted soldiers of the Highland regiment stationed at the Castle go through the evolutions of their daily drill, their tasselled sporrans—the fur pocket hanging in front in the Highland costume—swinging rhythmically as they march. Uniformed veterans wait on the drawbridge to lead visitors through the portcullis-gate, under the high, narrow window of the prison where the Duke of Argyle awaited execution for his faithfulness to the Stuart cause, up the winding way, past the ugly modern barracks which Sir Walter Scott said would be honoured by comparison with a cotton-mill, to the rock plat-

form where stand two of the great treasures of the Castle, the ancient cannon called Mons Meg, and Saint Margaret's Chapel. This tiny Norman church, said to be the oldest in Scotland and the smallest in Britain, is indeed a relic of the long ago, for it was built in the eleventh century, in the time of Malcolm Canmore, probably by his wife, the fair Saxon Margaret, whose refinement and religious spirit were influences for untold good in that semi-barbaric age. A touching story is told of Queen Margaret's lying ill in the Castle when news was brought to her of the death of her husband and her eldest son, who were fighting the English in Northumbria. The sad tidings proved her death-blow. At night the princes, her younger sons, tenderly carried their mother's body out under cover of darkness to escape the cruelty of their uncle, Donald Bane, who immediately seized the throne.

It is one of the incongruities of life to find almost in the shadow of the saintly Margaret's Chapel, the monster cannon, said to have been cast in Galloway in 1476. Over two centuries ago, however, it lost its power to destroy, for after two hundred years or more of deadly service it burst in the peaceful act of firing a

royal salute. When I first saw it, many years ago, the guide was fond of saying to Americans, "That gun was cast before America was discovered!"

After the palace of Holyrood was built it became the favourite residence of the Scottish kings, but danger always sent them to the safer walls of the Castle. It was the possibilities of the troublous days through which she bravely smiled when they came that made Mary, Queen of Scots, seek the shelter of the fortress before the birth (in 1566) of her son and Darnley's, that James who was VI of Scotland and I of England. The tiny birth-room remains unchanged, and its inconvenience reveals to us that in spite of pomp and magnificence in some directions, royalty of olden time had to endure real privations. The following quaint inscription is on the wall of the room:

"Lord Jesu Chryst, That crounit was with Thornse,
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne successioune, to Reigne still,
Lang in this Realme, if that it by Thy will.
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proseed,
Be to Thy Honer and Prais, sobied.
19th Junii, 1566."

The window is shown from which, tradition has it, the baby James was lowered in a basket to the Grassmarket to be taken to Stirling Castle to escape his mother's enemies.

Near Queen Mary's apartments is the Crown Room, where are kept other of the Castle's treasures, the Regalia or "Honours of Scotland"—the crown, which was, it is said, first used for the coronation of Robert Bruce, the sceptre, the sword of state, and the treasurer's mace. During the Commonwealth the "Honours" were sent to Dunnottar Castle on the east coast for safe-keeping. Before the castle fell they were smuggled out by the wife of the parish minister and buried under the floor of the neighbouring church, where they remained till the Restoration. After the English and Scottish parliaments were united in 1707 the Regalia were placed in a big oak chest and securely locked up in the Crown Room. After a time the rumour spread that the Regalia had been taken to England, but it was not until 1817, through the efforts of Scott, that the permission of George IV was obtained to investigate the matter. In his "Provincial Antiquities" Scott describes the entrance of the commissioners, of whom he

was one, to the Crown Room and their forcing open the chest with a growing feeling of apprehension lest the "Honours" should not be there. He writes:

"The joy was, therefore, extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the Regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in the year 1707.

" . . . The reliques were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable, restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years, were so peculiarly calculated to excite."

Across the square is the Banqueting Hall in which have taken place many events more exciting than feasts. One of the most tragic was the "Black Dinner," fatal to the two young Douglases, who, after the customary death token, a black bull's head, had been placed before them, were, notwithstanding the tears and pleadings of the ten year old king, James II, taken out into the courtyard and murdered.

The hall was restored by James IV at the time of his marriage with Margaret of Eng-

land. It has been used as the meeting-place of the Scottish Parliament.

Leading from the Castle is the storied High Street with its four sections—Castle Hill, the Lawnmarket, High Street, and the Canongate—each thronged with memories of men and women of long ago. It is a wonderful old thoroughfare with its lofty "lands," which used to tower above both sides of the causeway. Now many of them have been torn down to make way for modern improvements. Nobility and even royalty had dwellings on the High Street, and it has been the scene of pageants, riots, murders, witch-burnings, duels, executions, and public rejoicings. Every stone has its story, and its uneven pavement has been trodden not only by men and women famous in Scottish history, but also by all the persons of note who have ever visited Scotland.

Many brilliant figures have made the street their own. When fifteen year old Margaret Tudor, guarded by a great retinue of nobles, came to Scotland to be married to James IV, she alighted from her chariot, mounted on a palfrey behind her prospective husband, and rode through the High Street to Holyrood. The houses were hung with tapestry, a band

played, bells were rung, and there was sport and merry-making. There was a far different sound when the walls echoed to the tramp of the troops of the Earl of Hertford, who, at the command of Henry VIII, made one of his ravaging expeditions into Scotland.

It was through the High Street, once more festively decorated, that Queen Mary rode, accompanied by French nobles and attendants, on her return from France to her own kingdom. Notwithstanding the warnings and dire predictions of John Knox the majority of the people were overjoyed to welcome back their young sovereign.

It was up that part of the High Street called the Canongate and under the balcony of Moray House where Argyle stood in the midst of his son's wedding-party that the great Montrose went to his death in the Grassmarket. That the Stuart leader met his doom bravely we can well believe on looking at the fearless, noble face depicted in his portrait. The last moments of his life were set in a vivid picture—in the foreground the dense throng in the Grassmarket, on the high scaffold above the crowding heads the dignified figure in scarlet.

Yet another and more cheerful scene in the

old causeway is the coming of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender," to the palace of his ancestors. The enthusiasm of the Scots always rose to its highest point when a member of the house of Stuart appeared among them, and on the day when, in the presence of Prince Charles, his father was proclaimed James VIII, King of Great Britain and Ireland, the people's long pent-up adoration for the Stuart line flowed forth in a torrent that swept everything before it. At the head of a triumphal procession Prince Charles entered Holyrood, the idol of Jacobite worship. The ball that was given that night in the old palace was probably the most brilliant affair that ever took place in Edinburgh.

These are a few of the many stirring happenings which have taken place in the populous street. Every stone of it has more than once been drenched with blood, for on the whole the sad and tragic occurrences which have gone toward the making of Edinburgh's history have been more numerous than the joyful events.

The explorer of old Edinburgh will not fail to discover, in spite of the tenement-house sights and smells that now fill them, the at-

tractions of the wynds and closes — alleys and courts—which served the towering "lands." They are no more crowded now, in the days of their social decline, than when women of rank and men of fashion, doctors of law and of medicine, clergymen and authors pressed their way over the steep and narrow outside stairs upon which the apartments opened. To-day the residents are more homogeneous than they were a century and a half ago, for at that time "men of small repute" dwelt in the same house with the aristocracy and gentry, street venders and caddies, perhaps, in the lower part, convenient to their work, and small clerks or milliners whose sedentary life made them crave exercise, at the top of the many flights that led to the garrets. With the conveniences of modern apartment houses in mind it is hard to realize the discomforts of an abode where every drop of water had to be carried, and servants and errand-boys, the greengrocer and the fishmonger passed on the same stair gentlemen in court dress and ladies with spreading farthingales. The duties of the street-cleaning department were of the simplest, consisting merely in the removal of the more substantial part of the

refuse that was thrown from the windows at ten o'clock every night. Unlucky the passer-by who did not heed the cry "Gardy loo" ("Gardez l'eau") and scamper away from the impending shower.

To our unaccustomed eyes the crowded streets would have seemed the production of a clever manager of a "costume play." Ministers in the dress of their office, advocates bewigged and begowned, merchants soberly clad, ladies with hoops and tartan scarves, with high heels and patches and provoking masks crowded the narrow ways. Horse-drawn vehicles, for whose convenient use there was small space, were replaced by sedan-chairs carried by stout Highlanders. It was possible for these chairs to enter the closes, else the beauty on her way to a court ball at Holyrood would have had to risk damage to her beautiful frock by walking to the corner.

The wynds and closes, no fit ground for pageantry, are full of associations better suited to their limited area. Scott was born in the College Wynd, not far from the church of St. Giles; in Craig's Close the early editions of the Waverley Novels were printed, and Writer's Close is mentioned in "Guy Manner-

ing." For the modest sum of eighteenpence a week Robert Burns shared a room in Baxter's Close, while his club, the Crochallan, met in Anchor Close. "Covenanters' Close" gives promise of an historical connection which is confirmed when it is learned that in one of its houses the Covenant sworn against King Charles in Greyfriars Churchyard in 1638 was renewed five years later. The renewal was brought about through the influence of Sir Henry Vane, previously governor of the Massachusetts Bay Province. "Dunbar Close" suggests another momentous event of Scottish history, for here some of Cromwell's soldiers swaggered piously after they had gained over Prince Charles, afterward Charles II, the victory at Dunbar (1650) which threw Edinburgh into their hands.

Not all the sentiment is centred in the High Street nor all the sense in the wynds. They invade each other's domain, for in Post Office Close lived Countess Susan of the house of Eglinton, as bonnie as Prince Charlie whom she fascinated; while the entire length of the High Street stirs serious recollections.

Just beyond the Lawnmarket, where cloth used to be sold and where once stood the

dwelling of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, is the open space of St. Giles's Cathedral. Near the church the rough outline of a heart marks in the pavement the site of the Old Tolbooth, where the Scottish Parliament used to meet until the Parliament House was built, when the Tolbooth became a prison. Scott describes it in "The Heart of Midlothian." The Parliament House and Parliament Square occupy what was once the churchyard of St. Giles's, and near the church in Parliament Square we shall find the inscription, "I. K. 1572," upon the small stone in the pavement which is said to mark the grave of John Knox.

In olden days booths were attached to St. Giles's on all sides and houses were crowded close to it. Now it stands alone, and its beautiful Gothic crown-spire is visible from almost all parts of the city. It was the parish church of Edinburgh, built as the shrine of the arm of St. Giles, the patron saint of the city. At the time of the Reformation the church was despoiled, "purified," and otherwise disfigured, its images broken, and the interior divided into four parts where services were held. It was here that John Knox preached three times

every week day and twice on Sunday; here, before the Lords of the Congregation, he thundered invectives against the beautiful young Queen Mary; and here he delivered the funeral sermon over the murdered regent Moray, whose tomb is in the church. The "great Marquis of Montrose" is also buried here, not far from his enemy the "great Argyle." St. Gaudens's beautiful bronze memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson, the life-size figure of the poet in relief, is on the wall of one of the chapels. It was in St. Giles's, which was made a Cathedral in the time of Charles I, that Dean Hanna of Edinburgh tried to introduce Laud's Liturgy. As Scott describes it:

"The rash and fatal experiment was made 23d July, 1637, in the High Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, where the dean of the city prepared to read the new service before a numerous concourse of persons, none of whom seems to have been favourably disposed to its reception. As the reader of the prayers announced the Collect for the day, an old woman, named Jenny Geddes, who kept a green-stall in the High Street . . . flung at the dean's head the stool upon which she had been sitting, and a wild tumult instantly commenced."

Within the last thirty years the partitions have been removed and the church has been restored to somewhat of its pre-Reformation aspect.

Since the Union (in 1707) the Parliament House has been used for the Supreme Court, and the advocates in wig and gown promenading back and forth in the great hall adorned with statues and portraits of famous Scottish lawyers look as if they had just stepped down from the paintings on the walls. Their costumes give but a faint suggestion, however, of the splendour that accompanied the ceremony of the "Riding" in the days when Scotland had a Parliament of its own. Then the Members, both nobles and burgesses, with attendants, rode as escort to the "Honours" through ranks of soldiers from Holyrood to the Parliament House, the brilliant liveries of the servants and the gorgeous caparisons of the horses glittering against the tapestries that hung from the houses and the soberer garbs of the spectators who crowded the stairs and windows. The Commissioner brought up the rear of the procession.

Not far from the Parliament House is the site of Dun Edin's cross, the old Mercat Croce

or Market Cross, at which the Scottish heralds and pursuivants proclaimed the royal edicts, a form which they follow on state occasions even at the present time. This cross which was almost demolished, was restored by Mr. Gladstone.

A little farther down the street a fine old house is pointed out as the one occupied by John Knox—the "manse," where he lived for the last thirteen years of his life. It is an interesting example of the architecture of that date. Below Knox's house is the Netherbow, where in olden days stood the principal gate of the city.

From this point to Holyrood the street is called the Canongate. The canons of the Abbey of Holyrood were granted the right to found a borough here, and through it was the chief approach from the Abbey to the city. If a man in debt claimed sanctuary within the Abbey precincts, no creditor could seize him. The borough had its own Tolbooth, the building of 1591 with its outstanding clock, still frowning in picturesque sternness.

The Canongate leads into the square in front of the Palace of Holyrood. Beyond it rises to an altitude of over 800 feet the noble hill

called Arthur's Seat, shaped like a couching lion. Near by is King's Park. The Palace hoards a wealth of associations from the day when Queen Mary, young and widowed, entered it with her brilliant escort on her return from France, to the time, 1745, when Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, marched at the head of a splendid throng to take possession of his ancestral home.

Holyrood was first an Abbey, one of those many monasteries founded and enriched by King David I. The story goes that while King David was hunting in this neighbourhood, he was attacked and about to be killed by an infuriated stag, which fled at the sudden appearance of a dazzling cross. In gratitude for his deliverance David founded the Abbey and dedicated it to the Holy Rood. The Abbey was destroyed and rebuilt several times, but there is now left only a little of the Royal Chapel. That fragment is very beautiful in the Early English style.

The monks were hospitable and received their sovereigns in the Abbey as guests, but at last, at a time not definitely known, some King, probably James IV, wearied of the sternness of the Castle and made a greater pro-

vision for the amenities of court life by building Holyrood Palace as an addition to the Abbey. To-day but a small portion is shown to the public. Queen Mary's apartments consist of the audience-chamber, where probably her stormy conversations with John Knox took place, her bed-chamber, and, opening from it, a dressing-room on one side and a small supping-room on the other. It was in this latter room that the Queen was taking supper with her ladies-in-waiting and her foreign secretary, David Riccio, when the latter was stabbed in her presence by a group of lords led by Darnley. They entered the room by a private stair, and seizing Riccio, took him out to the top of the main staircase, where they finished the murder by inflicting fifty-six wounds. The blood-stain never has been removed from the floor. Scott made it the basis of the story which introduces "The Chronicles of the Canongate."

This tragedy stands in the foreground of Holyrood's story as of Mary's, but the vivacious queen had had happy days in the palace. She was fond of plays and music and dancing and was the leader in gaieties that called forth the censure of Knox, who never failed to seize

every opportunity, in public and in private, to load his sovereign with scorn for her way of life and reproaches for her continuance in the Roman faith. It would seem that even the Reformers would not have thought frivolous her reading of Livy, her embroidering of tapestry, her delight in chess, or her fondness for the out-of-door sports of archery and hawking. It is strange that the wonderful charm of Mary's personality so clings to every spot that knew her. Here at Holyrood, as elsewhere, other women lived and loved and died—and were forgotten; but Mary's joys and imprudences and quarrels and tragedies cast into the realm of the unconsidered events of far more real importance. It is so throughout the city, and interest attaches to spots not intimately associated with her. Even the Kirk-o'-Field, where the University now stands, brings up memories of the murder of Darnley, because Darnley was Mary's husband, not because of any regret that could be felt for the taking off of her dissolute young consort.

Though without the stirring recollections of the Old Town, the New Town has certain attractions of its own. In crossing the Mound that divides the Princes Street Gardens two

classical looking buildings are passed, one the National Gallery, the other the Royal Institution, which contains an antiquarian museum and a sculpture gallery. Princes Street has somewhat the aspect of a terrace overlooking the Gardens, and from it is a magnificent view of the Old Town and Castle.

"Above the Crags that fade and gloom,
Starts the bare knee of Arthur's Seat;
Ridged high against the evening bloom,
The Old Town rises, street on street,
With lamps bejewelled; straight ahead,
Like rampired walls the houses lean,
All spired and domed and turreted,
Sheer to the valley's darkling green;
While heaped against the western grey,
The Castle, menacing and severe,
Juts gaunt into the dying day;
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberated from crag and scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war."[1]

Edinburgh has many fine statues and monuments. The best known is on the garden side of Princes Street—the beautiful Scott Monument, a graceful and airy structure in the form of a Gothic spire rising to a height of two hun-

[1] W. E. Henley, "From a Window in Princes Street."

dred feet. It is of the Early English style of architecture, the lower arches being suggestive of those of Melrose Abbey. In the niches are statuettes representing characters from Sir Walter's works, and under the canopy is a marble statue of the great Romancer with his favourite dog, Maida, at his feet.

East of the New Town is Calton Hill, on which the National Monument stands out conspicuously. The monument, which was intended to be a reproduction of the Parthenon, is little more than a row of great columns. The enterprise was planned on such a gigantic scale that the funds gave out long before the building was half completed. Some of the other erections on the hill are the huge and unattractive Nelson Monument, the Burns Monument, whose small temple houses a museum, the tower which marks the grave of David Hume, the philosopher, and the Lincoln Monument raised in honour of the Scottish-American soldiers who fought and fell in our own Civil War. The view from Calton Hill well repays any one making the ascent. Not only does the beautiful city with the length of Princes Street lie before him, the New Town at his right and the Gardens and Old Town

on the left, but beyond the city rise the Braid and Pentland Hills, and, again, Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags, a favourite walk of Sir Walter Scott's. The Firth of Forth swims below, and it is said that on a very clear day Ben Lomond can be seen. Of the appearance of Edinburgh from Blackford Hill, Scott gives a description in the fourth canto of "Marmion:"

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed . . .
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!"

CHAPTER V

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF EDINBURGH

THE earliest Scottish literature came from the lips of minstrels and from the pens of monks. It was associated with the castles of the nobles to which the bards were attached as retainers or before whose fires they sat as wanderers, entertaining that they might be entertained; and it was inspired by the thought-provoking seclusion of the religious houses. Adamnan of Iona (690), who wrote the life of Columba, is looked upon as the first Scottish author, and in the next eight centuries, when the claymore was mightier than the stylus, hardly as many writers left matter worth recording. Of these, Thomas the Rhymer and Michael Scot and King James I expressed themselves in the more artistic literary forms, while Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, "Blind Harry," and John of Forden, were stirred by a desire to tell the glories of Bruce, of Wallace, and of Scotland's story in general.

Of Edinburgh in connection with any of these names history says not a word, though it is safe to assume that James did not leave the chief city in his domain unvisited, even if he preferred, to his final murderous undoing, the "fair city" of Perth. With William Dunbar, Scotland's laureate of the end of the fifteenth century, comes a scrap of knowledge that shows that the production of books was no longer confined to the copyists of the Abbeys. The earliest existing example of Scottish printing is found in a volume of Dunbar's poems which, in 1508, fell from the Edinburgh press of Chepman and Myllar, who, in the following year, printed a breviary for the church at Aberdeen. Chepman has been called the "Scottish Caxton." He built the aisle now used as the baptistry of St. Giles's Church. Toward the end of this century (1574) Bassandyne, whose establishment was almost opposite Knox's house on the High Street, printed the poems of Sir David Lindsay, who figures by name in "Marmion."

When Edinburgh became more and more continuously the seat of the Court, when covenanting churches drew great preachers to the city and religious struggle gave them subject-

matter, and, finally, when to the universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen was added, in James VI's youth, the University of Edinburgh, the castle-crowned city came to be the Mecca of all who felt the divine fire. Indeed, for the last four centuries, there is hardly a name on North Britain's literary honour roll that has not some connection with the town. Poets and dramatists were drawn to win the court's favour; theologians went where worthy opponents awaited them, the bookish studied at the University, while the unlisted happened to be born or to die in the shadow of the castle rock, or came to live in the city whose intellectual activity had made its appeal to them.

In at least one instance the incentive to effort was neither that of the court nor of the church, nor of the University. There were other spirits abroad in 1568 when the plague visited Edinburgh. One George Bannatyne, afraid to go out of his house for fear of taking the disease, amused himself during his enforced retirement by making a most valuable collection of early Scottish verse. In the same century Robert Semple described in a long poem "The Sege of the Castell of Edinburgh."

Hardly less imaginative in an entirely different line were the controversialists bred by the Reformation, among whom stand forth John Knox, and Robert Rollock, the first principal of the University. From 1559 to 1572 Knox is said to have lived in the High Street manse from whose window he preached, and he left it but for his grave in St. Giles's churchyard. His statue stands in the courtyard of the Free Church College. The University was built on the site of the Church of St. Mary in the Fields, near which Darnley was murdered. One of the buildings pulled down to accommodate the northern hall was the house in the College Wynd in which Scott was born.

Dipping into theology, "Dæmonologie," Biblical translation, and verse, James VI, the hopelessly uninteresting son of a "temperamental" mother, must be classed as a writer among the writers whom he drew around him. Toward the end of the sixteenth century there died at Edinburgh George Buchanan, who was James's tutor as he had been Queen Mary's. Buchanan was a classical scholar whose translations showed taste, and he was an historian of intelligence. His grave is in Greyfriars Churchyard. In the last decade of the cen-

tury, Waldegrave established a print shop in Edinburgh, an edition of Montgomerie's poem, "Cherrie and the Slae," being one of his productions.

Sir James Melville's story is not without its romance. Sir James had been attached to Queen Mary both in France and in Scotland, and he had every opportunity for gathering spicy material for a description of her court, Elizabeth's, and James's. His manuscript lay for many years concealed in Edinburgh Castle. Even after its discovery in 1660 it was not published until over twenty years more had been added to men's forgetfulness.

Though born and resident all his life at Hawthornden, the poet Drummond was near enough to the city to enter into its pleasures and to take part in its intellectual life. He bequeathed his library to the University. In 1618, Ben Jonson, who admired the flowing metres of the Scottish poet, walked from London to Hawthornden to make the acquaintance of the northern bard. The Scots were appreciative of the honour paid by the English dramatist, and the magistrates of Edinburgh gave him the freedom of the city, while the civic authorities entertained him at dinner.

In the seventeenth century a life in the church did not by any means imply a calm career, and so John Spottiswoode found it. He was Archbishop of Glasgow, then of St. Andrews, and, later, was Lord Chancellor of Scotland. By tongue and pen he advocated the establishment of the Episcopacy in Scotland, and he was present in St. Giles's when the Dean of Edinburgh, Hanna, read from the new service book, to the provocation of Jenny Geddes. Her famous stool is to be seen in the Museum of Antiquities.

David Calderwood (1575-1650), though a minister of the Kirk, did not confine his pen to theology, but left for our entertainment some accounts of the doings of the day, valuable as history and amusing as literature. He gives a long description of the entrance among his new subjects of James VI's queen, Anne of Denmark.

"She came," he begins, "by the south side of the town, by the West Port, in a coache. A young boy descending in a globe, which opened, delivered certane keyes, with a Bible and a Psalme Booke."

The "West Port" was a gateway in the city wall and was connected with the High Street

by a narrow lane called the West Bow, now Victoria Street.

Robert Louis Stevenson says that his father was often told as a child "how the devil's coach, drawn by six coal-black horses with fiery eyes, would drive at night into the West Bow, and belated people might see the dead Major [Weir, a supposed wizard, called "Angelical Thomas"] through the glasses." In the "Heart of Midlothian" the murderers of Captain Porteous rush their victim down the West Bow to the Grassmarket, the scene of as many executions in fact as in fiction. That of the Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650) has been mentioned previously. He was a man notable in so many ways that it is not surprising to find that he had a forceful and dignified literary expression. His "Lines Written After Sentence of Death" are confident in form as in content.

'Let them bestow on every airt a limb
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air;
Lord! since Thou know'st where all those atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just!"

The contrasts of the Scottish character, "dour" yet passionate, practical yet emotional, are shown no better in any historical character on record, than in that of Simion Grahame, the son of an Edinburgh burgess. At about this period Grahame who loved the quiet of study and the excitement of travel with equal fervour, who led an abandoned life and corrected it by the severities of the Franciscan order which he joined, wrote an "Anatomie of Humours." It is said that this book gave Burton a strong impetus toward his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

To the lighter spirits who must have found almost insupportable the dulness of the Scottish court, the Sempills, Robert and Francis, father and son, undoubtedly were a blessing. Robert, who was scornfully called a "dancer" by Knox, enlivened James VI by his humorous verse, which is thought to have afforded inspiration to Allan Ramsay, and, later, to Burns. Francis appears to have been as lacking in financial sense as he was rich in other kinds. Because of his indebtedness he was at one time forced to take sanctuary in the Abbey courthouse on the south side of the Canongate. That he took his troubles not so seri-

ously, but that he was willing to make "copy" of them is shown by his verses on "The Banishment of Poverty," from which are taken the following "local color" stanzas:

"We held the Lang-gate to Leith Wynd,[1]
Where poorest purses use to be;
And in the Calton lodgèd syne,
Fit quarters for such company.

"Yet I the High-town fain would see,
But my comrade did me discharge;
He willed me Blackburn's ale to prie
And muff my beard that was right large.

"The morn I ventured up the Wynd,
And slink in at the Netherbow,
Thinking that troker for to tyne,
Who does me damage what he dow."

Francis Sempill's "Maggie Lauder" still is sung and quoted.

Names of writers having some Edinburgh connection begin to be frequent during the seventeenth century, but none of them stand out alluringly to other than the student. George Gillespie was settled over the Greyfriars Church, called by Scott the "Westminster Abbey of Scotland." Its gardens Queen Mary

[1] Now Princes Street.

Greyfriars Churchyard.

had added to increase the size of the churchyard already full of those marvellously lugubrious memorials among which the Reformers swore to the Covenant, and John Knox hid during one of the lively episodes of the interchurch struggle. Many long years later, Walter Scott met the first lady of his love in Greyfriars Churchyard, and sheltered her under his umbrella during a shower. John Ogilby, who achieved the distinction of writing verses so bad that they were sneered at by Dryden and Pope, was born near the city. Patrick Abercrombie, an Edinburgh royal physician, published two Anti-Union arguments, one of them in reply to Daniel Defoe. Thomas Ruddiman, though of many occupations, is best known as Librarian of the Advocates' Library, which is to-day the largest library in Scotland. It is in the Parliament House and has a special interest for Scott enthusiasts because the manuscript of "Waverley" is preserved there. It is an appropriate place for it, for within this building, in his seat still shown within the bar, the "Wizard of the North" wrote much of the novel, his mind roaming fast and free with his hero while the "law's delays" dragged slowly on about

him. Robert Blair, an Edinburgh University graduate, was the author of "The Grave," whose chief claim to remembrance is that William Blake made some illustrations for it.

Contemporary with Blair was the poet whose revival of the Scottish vernacular and whose geniality of spirit endeared him to his time, made him known in ours, and, according to some authorities, influenced the literature of all Europe. Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" introduced into Scottish letters a pastoral coolness not unpleasing to the advocates as to the opponents of hell fire, and he became one of the most popular men of his day. Hamilton of Gilbertfield addressed him as:

> "O fam'd and celebrated Allan!
> Renownèd Ramsay! Canty Callan!
> There's nowther Highland-man nor Lawlan
> In poetrie,
> But may as soon ding down Tantallan
> As match wi' thee."

Though of good family, Ramsay began his career as a wig-maker, but his proclivities soon showed themselves in the establishment of a book shop which also housed the first circulating library in the kingdom—a horror to the

ultra-pious. It was at 153 High Street, near the Tron Church, and became a convenient resort for the literary folk of the town. His second shop was in the Luckenbooths, built against St. Giles's. Ramsay is described as a merry, self-satisfied little man. His house, Ramsay Lodge, on Castle Hill, is now used as a University Settlement. In West Princes Street Gardens, is a statue erected in the poet's honour, and he is buried in Greyfriars Churchyard.

One of Ramsay's activities was the publication of the "Tea Table Miscellany," and his helper in the undertaking, Robert Crawford, the son of an Edinburgh merchant, is best known by his often-quoted verses, "The Bush Aboon Traquair." Verse, indeed, seems to have been the expression of the mid-eighteenth century as a more serious manner had represented the more serious thought of the previous hundred years. There is nothing markedly noteworthy, however. Alexander Robertson, of Strowan, published in Edinburgh a volume of vigorous though unlovely poems; Jean Elliot wrote the "Flowers of the Forest," quoted in part in the description of Flodden in another chapter; Alicia Cockburn penned some

delicate lines bearing the same title, bewailing the bankruptcy of some of her friends, her sympathy with their losses reading with such dignified obscurity that it was long supposed that her subject, too, was the battle of Flodden. Hector MacNeill left a song that will recall Burns's more varied and musical but not more tender, "O, wert thou in the cauld blast." MacNeill's lines run:

"Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw,
Come under my plaidie and sit doun beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit doun beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw;
Oh! come under my plaidie, and sit doun beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

A more ambitious poetic effort was "The Seasons," whose author, James Thomson, was educated in Edinburgh and there studied for the church before he decided that England was a more profitable field for men of his ilk. So thought Smollett, not long after, when he left his home in St. John Street, Canongate, to ride to London on horseback with the manuscript of a tragedy in his saddlebags and the potentialities of "Roderick Random" in his

head. Gay, author of the "Beggars' Opera," was of just the contrary opinion, for he came from London and the court to amuse and be patronized by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry in their Edinburgh mansion in the Canongate, just as Prior, a century before, had flattered, to his own advantage, a previous Duchess, the wife of the third Duke, the "Kitty, beautiful and young, and wild as colt untam'd" of "The Female Phaeton." Queensberry House is now used as a House of Refuge.

Oliver Goldsmith studied medicine in Edinburgh from 1752–1754, and left on record his opinion of the dulness of a fashionable dance at which he was present.

In Cap-and-Feather Close was born (in 1750) Robert Fergusson, the jaunty name of his birth-street starting him off, as it were, on a career of light living that brought him to his death before he was twenty-five. Young as he was, he left his mark upon the poetry of Scotland, both as the author of naturalistic, humorous verse, and as the inspiring source to whom Burns made cordial acknowledgment. Fergusson's lyrics describe the happenings of a none too regular life, with detail of place and circumstance easily recognisable by Edin-

burghers. He wrote an ode to a butterfly that he saw near the Town Cross; he mentioned streets by name, and, by contrast, he loved the country, as is shown in his

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE OF BRAID, NEAR EDINBURGH

"Would you relish a rural retreat,
Or the pleasures the groves can inspire,
The city's allurements forget,
To this spot of enchantment retire,

"Where a valley and crystalline brook,
Whose current glides sweetly along,
Give Nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among.

. . . . . .

"Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near."

The following "Lines" express Burns's grief over Fergusson's death:

"Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career?

Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow!''

A similar thought is expressed in the

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS, PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 17, 1787.

''Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?''

Burns's recognition of his indebtedness to the youth so little older than himself, took visible form in the stone which he erected to his memory in the Canongate Churchyard. The inscription reads:

''No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn nor animated bust—
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.''

In the literary history of many places and

periods, it has happened that the life activities of the country and its people have found expression through an unusual number of contemporaneous writers in different fields. So it was in Elizabeth's day and so it was in Anne's. Our own country had a like experience when the New England authors wrote verse and essays whose quality has not since been touched in America. A similar concentration is to be found in Edinburgh during the lifetime of Scott.

It was a dozen years after Fergusson's death, and when Scott was a lad of fifteen, that Burns entered upon his Edinburgh career. The first (Kilmarnock) edition of his poems had won for him sufficient success to induce him to give over a proposed trip to Jamaica, and instead he came to a knowledge of Edinburgh life in variety seldom achieved by one person. During his first year in the city, he shared a bed and room in Baxter's Close with a former country friend, John Richmond, through whom he made the acquaintance of many plain folk; while through the medium of a laird, proud of Ayrshire's prodigy, he was introduced not only to all the literary men of the day, but to lords and ladies as well. He frequented

13, St. John Street, Canongate, the residence of the eccentric judge who sent his wig home in a sedan-chair while he walked in the rain, counting himself among the admirers of Lord Monboddo's daughter whom he mentioned in his "Address to Edinburgh":

"Fair Burnet strikes the adoring eye—"

and whose death he mourned in a plaintive lyric:

"In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!"

It was at Professor Adam Ferguson's Sciennes Hill House, in Braid Place, that he spoke a kind and never-forgotten word to the youngster, Scott. Record has it that the ploughman-poet was unembarrassed and unspoiled by the attention that he received. He was willing to relax amid less dignified surroundings, however, and the publisher, William Smellie, found him one of the most joyous spirits of the Club that he established in Anchor Close, the Crochallan Fencibles. Smellie was described by Burns in some extemporaneous lines:

"Shrewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear unmatch'd:
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good."

On his death-bed, if tradition be true, Burns harked back to these lively days. "O these Edinburgh gentles" he is reported to have said, "if it hadna been for them, I had a constitution would have stood onything!"

It was at 30, St. James's Square that Burns spent the second year of his Edinburgh visit. To Miss Cruikshank, the daughter of his host, he addressed a song, "A Rosebud by My Early Walk," and some lines which he wrote on the flyleaf of a book which he gave her. Here is a stanza from the latter poem:

"Beauteous rosebud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never mayst thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!

Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!''

On Mr. Cruikshank, who was one of the teachers in the famous Edinburgh High School, Burns wrote a jocose epitaph:

''Honest Will's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.''

In the Edinburgh National Gallery is a portrait of Burns by Nasmyth, and the statue by Flaxman which was intended for the Burns monument on Calton Hill.

A woman whose verses were much liked at this time was Lady Nairne (1766–1845) who wrote musical Jacobite songs (one of them entitled ''Farewell, Edinburgh'') and also the famous ''Land o' the Leal.'' It is said that she kept the secret of the authorship of this poem for forty years.

''I'm wearin' awa, John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day's aye fair
In the land o' the leal."

The popularity of such rhymes shows that the people still loved the Scots tongue, but that English speech was becoming fashionable is attested by the fact that as early as 1761, Sheridan, the actor, lectured on English pronunciation in St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel in Carubber's Wynd. In Carubber's Close, by the way, Allan Ramsay built his theatre in 1736.

In 1773 James Boswell had the honour of entertaining at Edinburgh Samuel Johnson, who was on his way to visit the Hebrides. The "White Horse" in the Canongate, Edward Waverley's inn in "Waverley," first sheltered the famous author of "Rasselas" until Boswell took him to his home in James's Court, off the Lawnmarket. In this same Court lived David Hume, the historian, before he was carried by the tide of fashion across to the New Town street, St. David. A monument in the Calton Graveyard marks Hume's burial-place. The two hundredth anniversary of his birth was commemorated by public exercises in Edinburgh on April 26, 1911.

James Boswell's son, Sir Alexander (1775–1822), was a maker of somewhat laboured verse. His most strenuous effort was entitled "Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty." The following description of the High Street possesses an interest for the student of customs that is not shared by the lover of poetry.

"Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;
There, from the earth, the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madefies your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring and rasped the twisted rod;
No idlers then, I trow were seen to meet,
Linked, six-a-row, six hours in Princes Street;
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob,
'How are ye, Tam?' and 'How's a' wi' ye, Bob?'
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired."

In 1804 the literary life of Edinburgh attracted there Elizabeth Hamilton, who is remembered as the author of a popular song with a sentimental refrain:

"My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there's nought to compare with ane's own fireside."

The truly useful work which "Mrs." Hamilton accomplished for the bettering of housing and domestic conditions among the country people was done by her didactic but not unamusing novel, the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," a forerunner of the "Window in Thrums" and the "Bonnie Briar Bush."

During Scott's youth a group of the city's older men was given over to the study of Moral Philosophy—Adam Ferguson, who succeeded Hume as Keeper of the Advocates' Library; Hugh Blair; Adam Smith, later and better known as an economist; David Hume, regarded as an infidel, but the very good friend, nevertheless, of William Robertson, Principal of the University, and of his colleague at Greyfriars, John Erskine, both of whom are described in "Guy Mannering." Later, Scott was in the University class of the renowned moralist and orator, Dugald

Stewart, whose grave, with Adam Smith's, is in the Canongate Churchyard.

Less weighty in his interests was John Home, whose play, "Douglas," some twenty years before Scott's birth had caused an enthusiast to cry out in the theatre, "Where's your Shakespeare now?" and had earned for its author such censure from his church that he resigned from the ministry. Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," whose book Burns carried in his pocket until he had worn out two copies, was often in Edinburgh, and later, was Scott's neighbour at Lasswade. Leyden, whose descriptions of the Border country's beauties were frequently quoted by Scott, and who is mentioned both in "St. Ronan's Well" and in "The Lord of the Isles" also loved the city. Thomas Campbell, whose "Pleasures of Hope" was an Edinburgh success in the same year that Scott made his translation of Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" was half a dozen years his junior. This translation of Goethe was the means of Scott's making the acquaintance of "Monk" Lewis, who was the popular literary hero of the moment, and who was the first to urge Scott to write verse.

Another group of men of intellectual,

though not especially of literary appeal, was made up of lawyers and judges. There were many legal celebrities in Scott's day, and, because he was himself an advocate, they were of great interest to the young man. Rough Lord Braxfield was a neighbour of the Scotts in George Square, and Scott dedicated his "thesis" to him. Lord Eskgrove's eccentric manner he could imitate with after-dinner success, and he had a fund of anecdotes about Lord Kames, Lord Meadowbank, and the chief men of the Edinburgh bar. Lord Blair, who is regarded now as the greatest of Scottish judges, was carried from his house in George Square, near the Scotts', to his grave in Greyfriars churchyard. Robert Dundas, Lord Advocate of Scotland, and Henry Erskine, a later holder of the office, were Scott's friends, and with Jeffrey, Brougham, and Cockburn (who was born in Parliament Close), he had ties of youthful companionship in work and sport. "Guy Mannering" has descriptions of bar and bench, Councillor Pleydell being an accurate description of Andrew Crosbie, it is said, and "Redgauntlet" is not without its allusions. Jeffrey and Cockburn were not far separated even in death, for both are buried

Sir Walter Scott and His Friends.

in the Dean Cemetery. Aytoun the poet lies there also, and so does Nasmyth the artist.

The coming of Sydney Smith to Edinburgh introduced a new and stirring element among the young men of Scott's acquaintance. Smith, who was born in the same year as Scott, had started to Weimar with a young man to whom he was tutor, but the troubles of 1798 stopped their journey, and, to quote his own words, "in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh where I remained five years." His wit brought him immediate popularity, while his admirable parts made him acceptable to the brilliant men who, upon his suggestion at a meeting at Jeffrey's house, 18 Buccleuch Place, started the "Edinburgh Review." He proposed as its motto "TENUI MUSAM MEDITAMUR AVENA," which he translated "We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal," but this was held to be too candid an admission of an uncomfortable truth to be allowed. Of the first number of the "Review"—October, 1802—Smith was the editor, but after its appearance he resigned the chair to Francis Jeffrey who occupied it until 1829. Smith always remained a contributor.

Jeffrey was born in Edinburgh two years

after Scott, was educated "in the abyss of Bailie Fyfe's close" and at the High School, and studied law at the University. He belonged to the Speculative Society and the Friday Club, both manned by the clever younger element of the day, such as Francis Horner, Brougham, and Scott. Jeffrey's criticisms on Burns, Keats, Wordsworth, and other contemporaneous writers are marked not only by great clarity of discernment, but by courage, for it took considerable boldness as well as address to write with unsparing truth yet without giving offence, of men who were his friends. When he became a judge Jeffrey lived at 24, Moray Place.

Brougham's contributions to the "Review" show the acuteness that later marked the Lord Chancellor of England. Like Jeffrey he was born and educated in Edinburgh. He lived at 21, St. Andrew Square. He was the chief political contributor of the "Review," whose politics, consequently, were Whig. Because of its attitude, Scott withdrew his connection and gave his support to Murray's "Quarterly," which was started in 1809 in open opposition to the older publication. So strong was the feeling of the moment against the "Review"

that, it is said, Lord Buchan ostentatiously kicked a copy of the magazine into the street from the doorstep of his house in George Square. Brougham left the "Review" when he was made Dean of the Faculty of Advocates in 1829, a year before he was elevated to the Chancellorship.

One of the spiciest literary contributions ever made to the "Review" was the criticism, commonly attributed to Brougham, of Byron's "Hours of Idleness." This is its beginning:

"Hours of Idleness: A series of Poems, Original and Translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo, pp. 200. Newark. 1807.

"The poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his

case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry; and if judgment were given against him; it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry*, the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority;* but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and we dare to say, so will it be ruled."

In retaliation for this "notice" Byron wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," whose preface says:

"As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require a Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely 'bruising one of the heads of the serpent,' though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied."

Farther on Byron analyzes the critic's "trade" in the following lines:

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated, yet caress'd."

Notably human and intimate is the account of the "Edinburgh Review" set given in the "Autobiography" of Eliza Fletcher, the wife of an Edinburgh advocate. Of the "Blackwood's" set there is no similar totalling, but the units bulk well in sturdy and enduring interest even if they lack the brilliancy of the men of the "Edinburgh" group. William Blackwood, publisher and bookseller, was born and died in Edinburgh. In 1817 he founded "Blackwood's Edinburgh Review" which he edited himself as a Tory opponent of the "Edinburgh Review." Among its contributors was John Wilson, whose statue by Steel is familiar to frequenters of Princes Street Gardens, and whose grave is pointed out in the

Dean Cemetery. He was the holder of the much-prized University Chair of Moral Philosophy, for whose possession he had defeated Sir William Hamilton. Wilson wrote verse, essays, and miscellany under the name "Christopher North." His "Noctes Ambrosianæ," genial and bohemian in flavor, purport to be a record of the outpourings of Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," and of kindred spirits at Ambrose's Tavern in Gabriel's Road.

Hogg, again, is the Shepherd of Wilson's "Recreations of Christopher North," and in his own person he added to the pages of the "Review" much good material in both prose and verse. His verse was an outgrowth of his unlettered days when he made songs for the country lassies to sing. His talent was inherited from his mother, from whom Scott obtained several ballads for the "Minstrelsy."

Ably supporting "Kit North" was Lockhart, an Edinburgh lawyer, and a shrewd political writer, but best known as Scott's son-in-law and biographer. Poems, sketches, tales—a varied output—was that of David Macbeth Moir, who signed himself "Delta." Thomas Hamilton, a brother of the philosopher, showed that he held no grudge against Wilson for de-

feating his brother's University aspirations by working in cordial collaboration with "North" on the magazine. De Quincey, the "Opium Eater," wrote much for "Blackwood's" after 1824, when he moved to Edinburgh. In his later days he did his literary work at 42, Lothian Street, where he was almost literally "snowed under" with papers. He is buried in the West Churchyard. "Blackwood's" was the vehicle that gave the public many of Aytoun's Jacobite songs. The author of the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" was born and educated in Edinburgh, was a writer to the Signet and was admitted to the bar.

The names of the publishing houses and of the Reviews are closely knit. Constable published the "Edinburgh," and the younger Murray the "Quarterly," whose fine list of contributors—Scott, Canning, and Heber, among them—could not give it the success of its livelier predecessor, though it ran it hard. Murray, the son, inherited the "Review" tradition, for his father had established a branch of the house in England and had published the "English Review." Constable was the publisher of most of Scott's work from 1805 to 1826, when his house, with Ballantyne's,

failed, and caused Scott to achieve an amount of work to meet his obligations, which no writer but Mark Twain has ever tried to accomplish. James Ballantyne, the printer of the "Waverleys," was a man of pompous manner, nicknamed by Scott, Aldiborontephoscophornio. Before he moved to 3, Heriot Row, in the New Town, he lived in St. John Street, off the Canongate, away from the others of his trade who seemed to congregate farther up the hill. Andrew Hart's printing office was in Craig's Close, near the Parliament House, as were the dwellings of Constable and of Creech, whose bookshop was in the Luckenbooths. To Creech, who was Burns's first publisher, the poet once addressed a humorous "Epistle" when his friend was in London:

"Auld Chuckie[1] Reekie's sair distrest,
Down drops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonny buskit nest
Can yield ava.
Her darling bird that she loves best,
Willie's awa'!

. . . . . .

"The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;

[1] Hen.

He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer—
Willie's awa'!

. . . . . .

"May I be Slander's common speech;
A text for Infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw
When I forget thee, Willie Creech
Though far awa!"

One of Constable's chief copyrights had been that of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and after the failure that was taken over by the house of Black, whose founder, Adam Black, has been honoured for his municipal activities by a statue in the Princes Street Gardens. Nelson and Chambers are well-known publishing names still existent.

Of other literary folk of this unusual period, there are many who well deserve more than a line, but the list is too long for detail. It must not close, however, without mention of the author of the "Hymns of Faith and Hope" which have brought consolation to thousands, Bonar, who was born and died in Edinburgh; of Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self-Help,"

and of Charles Darwin, both students at the University; and of Thomas Carlyle, that essence of Scottish spirit and humour. When he was fourteen, Carlyle walked from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh to enter the University; later he studied law, supporting himself while doing so by teaching mathematics and by writing for an encyclopedia. It was at Comely Bank, Edinburgh, that he lived soon after his marriage with Jane Welsh, who was a native of Haddington, Smiles's birthplace; and it was to the honour of Rector of Edinburgh University that he was elected in 1866.

During Scott's prime, and for almost a quarter century after his death, Hugh Miller roamed the earth and wrote about what he found. More to Scott's taste was the fiction of Miss Ferrier (1782–1854), whose novels won his approval. She visited the Scotts both at Ashestiel and at Abbotsford, and is referred to in "Tales of My Landlord" and in Scott's Diary.

Motherwell (1797–1835), author of the still living verses, "Jeanie Morrison," was educated in Edinburgh, and so was Dr. John Brown (1810–1882), whose "Rab and His Friend" is immortal. Robert Michael Ballantyne (1825–

1894), the author of some eighty books for boys, was a nephew of Scott's printers.

Of Scott himself Edinburgh is full of constant reminders. In the College Wynd he was born; in his father's house at 25, George Square he lived until he married Miss Charpentier whom he brought home to lodgings at 108, George Square. Their first establishment was at 10, South Castle Street, and at 39, North Castle Street most of the novels were written during the twenty-six years that the great writer laboured there. After the bankruptcy, when the Castle Street house was given up, he stayed temporarily in the city in several places, now in North St. David Street, now in Walker Street, and when on his way home from the Continent to Abbotsford to die, at Douglas's Hotel in St. Andrew Square. After his marriage, Scott went to St. George's, an Episcopal Church in York Square, occupying at first pew 81, and then pew 85. So completely did the novelist make every part of the city his own that it seems truly fitting that his statue should look out upon Princes Street with the calm of possession.

Of Scott's pride in Edinburgh many tales are told—how he looked upon the High Street as

the finest thoroughfare in Europe; how he used to drive through the Old Town at a foot pace that he might breathe the atmosphere of antiquity that filled it; how he admired the view from Salisbury Crags, and how the path that now winds up the ascent was laid out upon the rough footway that he used to follow, and which he described in the "Heart of Midlothian."

Of his knowledge of Edinburgh there are unending evidences in all that he has written. The "Heart of Midlothian" is filled with allusions reaching from one end of the town to the other—from the Grassmarket and the Krames and the site of the Tolbooth to St. Anthony's Chapel on Arthur's Seat. "Guy Mannering" has as many, clustering around the Market Cross and the Parliament House and Greyfriars. "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror" tells the story of Lady Stair, an ancestress of Lord Rosebery, who has had Lady Stair's Close renovated in her honour. "Redgauntlet" records how loath were the Fairfords, father and son, easily recognisable as the Scotts, to remove from the Luckenbooths to the New Town. "The Fortunes of Nigel" has chronicled in Jingling Geordie the career of George

Heriot, the founder of the Edinburgh school, Heriot's Hospital.

To those who know Edinburgh, every word that connects the beloved city and the beloved man is laden with interest, but to all who have knowledge of Scott's work, the tribute of Jeffrey engraved upon the plate deposited in the corner-stone of the Scott Monument finds confirmation in their own hearts. They will agree that his "admirable writings were then [in 1840] allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a larger class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare alone." Even the people who place Dickens above Scott must agree that this opinion was true at that time.

Since Scott's contemporaries have passed on there has come the ebbing tide that is the natural sequence of high water. Even the Edinburgh "Quarterly" has fallen into the hands of the Sassenach with two successive English editors. The multi-voiced Andrew Lang, to be sure, is a "school" in himself; Pinero, the versatile, made his stage début in "Scotia's darling seat;" and Conan Doyle, son of a clerk in the Edinburgh Exchequer Office, was born

and educated in the town that is the most provoking to the imagination of any in the kingdom.

Of the "kailyard school" of the '90's, Crockett was trained at Edinburgh University and at the New Theological College; Barrie followed Dumfries Academy by Edinburgh University where he took an A. M., and Ian Maclaren preached in Edinburgh.

Foremost of all the moderns stands forth Stevenson, of Edinburgh birth and education, who has written of his birth-town with intimacy and affectionate candour. "And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts," he says after reviling its climate; "go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction; go where they will, they take a pride in their old home." "For every place is a centre to the earth, whence highways radiate or ships set sail for foreign ports. There is no Edinburgh emigrant, far or near, from China to Peru, but he or she carries some lively pictures of the mind, some sunset behind the Castle cliffs, some snow scene, some maze of city lamps, indelible in the memory and delightful to study in the intervals of toil."

CHAPTER VI

IN LOTHIAN

THE hills about Edinburgh—Arthur's Seat, the Salisbury Crags, the Pentland and Braid Hills—give variety to the scenery and attain almost to the dignity of mountains, one of the Pentlands rising to an altitude of some nineteen hundred feet.

A short distance from Edinburgh is the ruin of Craigmillar Castle, a favourite resort of Queen Mary's, who felt herself somewhat withdrawn here from the Scottish sternness, new to her experience and foreign to her nature. Here she brought her French guards, who so pervaded the place that the vicinity of the castle was nicknamed "Little France."

On the Firth of Forth, which is spanned by its wonderful cantilever bridge, over a mile and a half long and three hundred and sixty feet high, is Leith, Edinburgh's harbour. It has been the scene of many stirring historic events, among them the three-months' siege (in 1560)

of Mary of Guise by the opposing Protestants. Cromwell built a citadel here, but that, like almost all of the town's ancient landmarks, has been swept away. When Leith is enveloped by a thick "haar" or misty fog, it recalls the gloomy day when young Queen Mary, saddened by her farewell to the sunny shores of France, landed with her escort, and went to Edinburgh to assume responsibilities that would have taxed an older and more experienced head than hers.

Along the coast of the Firth are frequent reminders of Scotland's stormy past. Near Musselburgh, with its fine old Jacobean mansion, Pinkie House, where Prince Charles slept the night after Prestonpans, Charles I's forces met the Covenanters in 1638, and Cromwell went into quarters in 1650. Near by, at Pinkie, the Scots suffered a terrible defeat from the English under Hertford. Prestonpans has another story, for it was here that Prince Charles, the debonair "Young Pretender"[1] with the help of his intrepid and faithful Highlanders brought his fortunes to the flood by his total defeat of the English forces in 1745.

[1] From *prétendant*, meaning "claimant."

The English General Cope retreated so rapidly to Berwick-upon-Tweed that he was able to carry the news of his own defeat.

At Carberry Hill, another memorable spot near Pinkie, Queen Mary and Bothwell met the rebel lords. There was no battle, as the Queen's forces could not be trusted, and after some parleying, the harassed Queen agreed to surrender to her insurgent nobles if they would allow Bothwell to ride away unmolested. Her captors took their sovereign to Edinburgh and then to Loch Leven Castle, where she was imprisoned for nearly a year. Seton House, farther along on the coast, replaces an older "Palace" whose owners were among Queen Mary's devoted adherents. Mary Seton was one of the Queen's "four Maries," and Lord George Seton never wavered in an allegiance that is recorded upon a slab in the ancient Collegiate Church of Seton.

A little way inland from Prestonpans is Haddington, the principal town of the county of Haddington or East Lothian. Its chief buildings are a church of Gothic architecture, once thought to be so unusual as to be called the "Lamp of Lothian,"and the Knox Institute, a school which commemorates John

Knox's birth in the town. Samuel Smiles, whose "Self-Help" was a power in its day, and Jane Welsh Carlyle also were born here. South of the town roll the Lammermoor Hills, which Scott has made famous.

North Berwick, the leading watering-place of Scotland and the rival of St. Andrews in golfing facilities, has for its chief attraction that grim old Douglas stronghold, Tantallon Castle, which, to be sure, is two miles farther along the coast. The ruin stands on a precipitous cliff overlooking the sea. No description could be more graphic than the one in "Marmion:"

"Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battle walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse;
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square,
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the coast projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular;

Here was a square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gathering ocean storm."

The early history of the Castle is not known, but it came into the possession of the Douglases in Robert II's time. When the old Earl of Angus, known as "Bell-the-Cat," advised against the battle of Flodden, James IV told Angus, if he was afraid, to go home. Marmion was sent to Douglas as an enforced guest, and in Tantallon fretted at his inactivity. At last

"He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,"

and started forth "To Surrey's camp to ride." His hand, offered in farewell, was refused in the familiar lines

"My castles are my King's alone
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Affronted, Marmion cries:

"And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied.''

The lie direct was not to be brooked by any Douglas; it roused Angus Bell-the-Cat to rage.

'''And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscath'd to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.''

''Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

''The steed along the drawbridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim,
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.''

Off the coast at this point is the great Bass Rock, rising three hundred and fifty feet sheer

out of the water. It is a mile around at the base and is accessible only at one point and only in calm weather. In the eighth century St. Baldred, a Culdee hermit, built his cell here. It is a remarkable fact that these Culdees, products of Celtic Christianity, have left traces of their occupancy in remote and solitary and often almost inaccessible places throughout Scotland. The Bass Rock, long a possession and stronghold of the Lauders, was bought some two hundred and fifty years ago by the Government and converted into a prison. Many of the Covenanters were imprisoned here during long and terrible years. Tantallon Castle was considered so impregnable and the Bass Rock so hard of access, that a proverb concerning the impossible came into use: "Ding doon Tantallon; mak a brig to the Bass!" The summers of Robert Louis Stevenson's childhood were spent on this coast with the waves beating on the rock before him as he played in the sunlight.

There is little left of Dunbar Castle, whose name, meaning "the castle on the point," describes its fine position on an out-thrust promontory. It has its share of romance. It was already over three hundred years old when

Black Agnes, Countess of March, successfully defended it for six weeks (in 1399) against the English. It was one of the strongholds that Queen Mary gave into Bothwell's charge, and here she fled after Riccio's murder, and again, disguised as a page, when she escaped from Bothwick Castle. After Carberry Hill the Regent Moray laid it in ruins.

Baliol was defeated near Dunbar, and nearly four centuries later, Cromwell won a battle here that gave him entrance to Edinburgh.

In the Valley of the Esk (not the Dumfriesshire stream of Lochinvar's adventure, but another rising in the Pentlands and flowing into the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh) we shall find more cheerful associations. At Lasswade the cottage is shown where Scott spent the first summers of his married life. Nearby Roslin and Hawthornden with their beautiful surroundings made a neighbourhood which, it may well be believed, Scott found very much to his taste.

Rosslyn Chapel—the village is called Roslin—stands on a bank of the Esk. It was built by an ancestor of the present Earl of Rosslyn in 1446. The intention was to build a collegiate church, but only the chapel was com-

Rosslyn Chapel.

pleted, and that is so ornate, so wonderfully decorated with exquisite and beautiful carving both inside and out, that on the whole it seems well there is not more of it. Under the chapel is a vault in which the uncoffined earls of Rosslyn lie, dressed in full armour.

Dorothy Wordsworth, who visited the chapel with her brother, wrote: "The architecture within is exquisitely beautiful. The stone, both of roof and walls, is sculptured with leaves and flowers so delicately wrought that I could have admired them for hours, and the whole of their groundwork is stained by time with the softest colours. Some of these leaves and flowers were tinged perfectly green, and at one part the effect was most remarkable—three or four leaves of a small fern, resembling that which we call 'adder's tongue,' grew round a cluster of them at the top of a pillar, and the natural product and the artificial were so intermingled that at first it was not easy to distinguish the living plant from the other, they being of an equally determined green, though the fern was of a deeper shade." This effect cannot be observed now, for on the restoration of the chapel all the plants and vines were removed from its walls.

Dr. Robert Chambers describes the way in which Annie Wilson, an old woman who used to show visitors the chapel, told the story of the famous "Prentice's Pillar" around which twine beautifully sculptured wreaths: "There ye see it, gentlemen, with the lace bands winding sae beautifully roon' aboot it. The maister had gone awa' to Rome to get a plan for it, and while he was awa' his prentice made a plan himsel' and finished it, and when the maister came back, and fand the pillar finished, he was sae enraged that he took a hammer and killed the apprentice. There ye see the prentice's face, up there in the corner wi' a red gash in his brow, and his mither greeting[1] for him in the corner opposite. And there, in another corner, is the maister, as he lookit just before he was hanged—it's him wi' a kind o' ruff roond his face." The same story is told of other pillars elsewhere, but perhaps not with the same flavour.

There is a superstition that on the night before the death of any of the Lords of Rosslyn the chapel appears in flames. Scott made use of this tradition in his ballad of "Rosabelle" in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

[1] Weeping.

"O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

"It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

"Seemed all on fire that Chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

"Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

"Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

A short distance away against a cliff overlooking a beautiful glen of the Esk is the ruined Rosslyn Castle, burned by the Earl of Hertford. It was restored, and a century after Hertford it was again despoiled by the English. Its approach is across a bridge over a rocky chasm, and its lower floors are hewn out

of the solid rock. Great state was maintained by the owners, the St. Clairs. It is related that in the reign of James VI the lady of the house "was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, all cloathed in velvet and silk with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys."

Burns wrote some simple lines "To the Landlady of the Inn at Rosslyn."

"My blessings on you, sonsie wife;
I ne'er was here before;
You've gien us walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.

"Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door."

A charming wooded path winding along the glen of the Esk brings us to Hawthornden, splendidly situated on a precipitous cliff overlooking the river. This was the home of the poet Drummond of Hawthornden, who was born here in 1585. Underneath the old mansion, which has been restored since Drummond's time, are caves which more than once

have been a haven of refuge to the persecuted.

An old oak-tree is still pointed out under which, it is said, Drummond welcomed Ben Jonson, who had walked all the way from London to see him, with the words: "Welcome, welcome, Royal Ben!" Jonson's reply was, "Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden." Scott says:

"Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet
By Eske's fair stream that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

"Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?"

Dalkeith refers to Dalkeith House, the noble old seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, the head of the house of Scott.

"We'll aff to fair Roslin an' sweet Habbie's Howe
By fairy-led streamlet an' castle-crowned knowe,
We'll climb the high Pentlands without pech or grane,
The green hills will mak' us a' callants again."

At Carlops, near the Pentlands, is Habbie's

Howe, a lovely glen identified with Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd":

> "Gae far'er up the Burn to Habbie's Howe,
> Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow;
> Where 'tween twa birks, and ower a little linn,
> The water fa's and mak's a singin' din;
> A pool, breast deep, beneath, as clear as glass,
> Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'rin' grass."

The "fairy-led streamlet" is the Glencorse Burn, which has been dammed into a prosaic reservoir, Compensation Pond, to serve the needs of Edinburgh. Like the Aswan Dam and lovely Philæ, the modern "improvement" submerged a ruined chapel, a thank-offering to St. Katharine for the preservation of William St. Clair, of Rosslyn. He had wagered his head with his sovereign, Robert Bruce, that his dogs, Help and Hauld, would bring down a deer before it crossed Glencorse Burn.

> "'Help and Hauld,' on ye may,
> Or Roslin will lose his head this day."

The dogs did not betray his confidence, but their master seems to have felt that he had a narrow escape, and the stone that marks his grave shows him in the attitude of prayer, a dog lying at his feet.

CHAPTER VII

TWO ROYAL TOWNS

" 'Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells from ferny brake
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.' "

—From Sir David Lindesay's tale in "Marmion."

TWENTY miles west of Edinburgh on one of the lines to Glasgow lies the sleepy town of Linlithgow. The quaint little place of one narrow, winding street has the ruin of a magnificent palace, and, adjoining it, the historic old church of St. Michael. A reassuring welcome is given to visitors by the old burgh motto, "St. Michael is kind to strangers." The shimmering waters of the blue loch, on the bank of which the palace

stands, and the peaceful, smiling country stretching away on every side of the village, would seem to have been an auspicious setting for the advent of the baby who, at the age of six days became the Queen of the Scots. James V brought his bride, Mary of Guise here, and the room is still shown where their daughter Mary was born while her father lay dying in his favourite palace of Falkland. This happened soon after the disastrous battle of Solway Moss, which, together with the rebellion of his nobles, and the death of his two sons, affected King James so deeply that, though he was only in his thirtieth year, he took to his bed and died almost literally of a broken heart. The birth of his daughter seemed only to add to his discouragement, for when the news was brought to him, he turned sorrowfully away with the remark, "It cam with ane lass, and it will pass with ane lass," referring to Robert Bruce's inheritance of the kingdom through his grandmother.

Before history gives any record of the palace, a peel tower stood here, and was used by the kings as a hunting lodge. It was destroyed, then rebuilt, and additions were

made from time to time. Four of the Jameses lived here, and they bestowed the palace and the township of Linlithgow on their brides as dower from Mary of Gueldres to Anne of Denmark.

Over the window of Queen Mary's room is a coat of arms, placed there with belated respect by her son James VI. There, also, are the rooms occupied by her father and her grandfather, and the vault is shown where James III concealed himself from the traitorous nobles who were seeking to slay him, while Queen Margaret sat near, working, with seeming composure, on her embroidery. In a tower room, another Queen Margaret waited and watched in vain for the return of her king, James IV, from the fatal field of Flodden. The Regent Moray is said to have died in the guard-room of the palace after he was shot by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, a man whom he had grievously injured. In the court of the stately ruin is a fine old fountain, placed there by James V. The fountain in front of the Palace of Holyrood is a replica.

The Church of St. Michael is very ancient. It was when James IV was at his devotions

in this church that an apparition warned him against his project of taking troops into England.

Scott says:

"This story is told by Piscottie with characteristic simplicity: 'The king, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the Isles as in the firm land, to all manner of man betwixt sixty and sixteen years that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days victual, and to meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were hastily obeyed, contrary to the Council of Scotland's will; but every man loved his prince so well, that they would in no ways disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so hastily conform to the charge of the king's proclamation.

" 'The king came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime, there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the kirk-door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotikings[1] on his feet, to the great of his legs;

[1] Buskins.

with all other hose and clothes conform thereto: but he had nothing on his head, but syde[1] red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets,[2] which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring[3] for the king, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grofling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: 'Sir king, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell[4] with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

"'By this man had spoken thir words unto the king's grace, the evening song was near done, and the king paused on their words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the meantime, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen nor comprehended, but vanished away

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[1] Long. [2] Cheeks. [3] Asking. [4] Meddle.

as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay, lyon-herauld, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him. But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen.' ''

The story is paraphrased in "Marmion:"

"'Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight
In azure gown, with cincture white;
. . . . . .
And words like these he said,
In a low voice,—but never tone
So thrilled through vein and nerve and bone:
'My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
War waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:
God keep thee as He may.' ''

But King James was influenced by many things, among them a letter from Anne of Brittany, Queen of France.

"For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance,
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of the band
In English breezes dance.

"And thus for France's queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest,
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost councils still to share,
And thus for both he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair nor France's queen
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour."

King James marched the three miles on English ground, and in the midst of the circle of nobles who fell defending their sovereign, he fought bravely until at last he himself was struck down, a victim of his own rashness. Yet, so contradictory is life, it is the very daring that slew him that has made him a hero of romance.

After a defeat by "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in the "Forty-five," the English troops under Hawley were quartered in the palace and did their utmost toward its destruction.

In the very heart of Scotland, on the winding river Forth is Stirling Castle, crowning a bold headland whence the sea receded long ages past. Its situation, like that of Edinburgh, is magnificent, dominating all the surrounding country. Little is known of its early history, but the very nature of its position made it inevitable that from earliest times some kind of stronghold should have crowned the lofty rock. It is known to have been a Roman post, while from the twelfth century the castle became one of the most powerful fortresses in the country. It was regarded as the key to the Highlands, and its importance as a stronghold may be judged by the number of battle-fields that lie about it, the most famous of all, Bannockburn, being only two miles away. The town has several interesting old buildings, one of them an elaborate ruin called Mar's Work, built in the sixteenth century by the Earl of Mar, with stones taken, it is said, from nearby Cambuskenneth Abbey. In this Abbey lie the bodies

Stirling Castle.

of James III and his queen, the Danish princess Margaret. James, who had added the Parliament House to Stirling Castle, was defeated by his barons led by his own son, in the battle of Sauchieburn, and was treacherously stabbed after the fight was over. His son, the James of the Linlithgow warning and of Flodden, ever after wore as penance an iron belt, to whose weight he added as each new year laid upon him a heavier burden of remorse. The best preserved building in Stirling, and an excellent example of the Scottish baronial style of architecture is "Argyll's Lodging," now used as a military hospital. It has a stately dignity and simple richness that is found in some of the old French châteaux. This is especially noticeable in the ornamental mouldings above the windows.

Most impressive is the view of the Castle from a distance, as it stands dauntlessly upon its crag, and most lovely and far-reaching is the prospect to be seen from the ramparts. An old rhyme says:

"A lairdship o' the bonnie links o' Forth
Is better than an earldom in the north."

Within, however, the great pile is not of especial interest. The exterior of the palace built by James V may be examined, but the buildings which are used as barracks are, for the most part closed to the public. It was a favourite residence of the Stuart kings, and James II, III, IV, and V, are said, by differing authorities, it is true, to have been born here. It was here that James II stabbed his guest, the rebellious Douglas. James V was crowned in Stirling when he was two years old, and it was to Stirling and freedom that a night ride brought the fifteen year old king after his escape from Falkland Castle, and the power of the Douglases. From here he used to go off on rambles among his people under the title of the "gudeman of Ballangeich," from the name of a path or hollow on the castle rock. Mary, at the age of nine months, was crowned here, and, with the exception of a short time spent on the Isle of Inchmahome on the Loch of Monteith, the little Queen lived in the castle until she went to France to be educated and married. After her return it was at Stirling that she announced to her nobles her approaching marriage with Darnley, which took place here not long after. She

came here from Edinburgh for her son's christening, which was performed with much pomp and magnificence. The sulking Darnley refused to be present, though he was in the town. Some months later, after the compulsory abdication of Queen Mary while she was prisoner in Loch Leven Castle, the baby James was crowned in the High Church in Stirling: "where Knox, in preaching the Coronation sermon, enjoyed the proudest triumph of his life." For thirteen years the boy king lived in Stirling Castle, where he was taught Greek and Latin by the same man who had taught his mother the classics—George Buchanan, one of the greatest scholars of his age.

During the many contests for power among the Scottish magnates, the castle was now in the hands of one party, now of another. The Covenanters garrisoned it during their struggle. During the "Fifteen," Argyle held town and castle against Mar and the Jacobites, and during the "Forty-five," Prince Charles made two efforts to seize the stronghold. When the Duke of Argyle with his forces from Stirling met the Earl of Mar at the head of the Jacobites the hostile armies ascended the opposite sides of the Hill of Muir and surprised

each other at the top—hence the indecisive battle described in the following verses:

BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR

"Some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But o' ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was that I saw, man:
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And they ran and we ran awa', man."

Two earlier battles should be mentioned—one at Stirling Bridge, in which William Wallace gained a complete victory over the English; the other, one of the greatest events of Scottish history, the battle of Bannockburn. This fight, of vital importance to Scotland, took place in 1314, some ten years after Edward I had marched into Scotland and had taken possession of many castles. Robert Bruce had been crowned at Scone and was conquering both his Scottish enemies and the English. When he captured a Scottish fortification, as he had not enough men to regarrison it he destroyed it, that it might not

fall again into the hands of the English. The only stronghold left to the enemy was Stirling Castle, which Bruce's brother Edward had under siege. During the siege Edward Bruce made an agreement with Philip de Mowbray, governor of the garrison, that if the castle were not relieved within a year, that is, by St. John's Day, June 23, 1314, it should be surrendered. There was an element of chivalry about the pact well suited to the age. Both sides prepared for the contest, Edward II assembling forces which have been estimated variously at from 60,000 to 100,000 men. About three thousand were knights in armour, horsed on steeds "barded from counter to tail." The archers, each with his long bow and "twenty-four Scots' lives under his belt," were nearly 20,000.

Robert Bruce, whose army was only about a third as large as the enemy's, with few horsemen or archers, took his stand on a ridge in the King's Park south of the castle, supplementing his lack of numbers by wise generalship. He took advantage of the lay of the land by facing his army, divided into four great "schiltrons," toward the ravine of the Bannock Burn, where it was crossed by the old

Roman Road along which the English army would advance. The Scottish forces were protected on one side by a wood, on the other by a marsh. On each side of the road, in front, was a bog, and the solid ground was honeycombed with concealed holes.

On June 23 the English force appeared, hot and weary after their long march. Bruce was riding up and down in front of his army, giving orders and placing his men, when Sir Henry de Bohun rode from the English side and challenged him to single combat. As they spurred toward each other de Bohun missed the king, who drove his battle-axe with a great blow through his opponent's helmet.

> "High in his stirrups stood the King
> And gave his battle-axe the swing,
> Right on de Boune, the whiles he passed,
> Fell that stern dint—the first, the last,
> Such strength upon the blow was put,
> The helmet crashed like hazel nut."
>
> —Scott, "Lord of the Isles."

The fateful battle took place the following day. After a preliminary skirmish between the bowmen, the body of English knights charged the "schiltrons" or massed spearmen.

Stirling Bridge, Firth of Forth.

"And when the two hosts so came together, and the great steeds of the English dashed into the Scottish pikes as into a thick wood, there rose a great and horrible crash from rending lances and dying horses, and there they stood, locked together, for a space." When the contact became too close for the Scots to wield their spears they used their claymores and Lochaber axes with terrible effect. The scene of the action was so contracted that the English were hampered by their very numbers. Those in front fought bravely, their way being rapidly blocked by their falling comrades. The rear ranks, however, not being able to advance, gave way a little. On observing this the Scots, shouting, "On them! on them! they fail!" pressed forward. At this moment the English saw, marching over a hill in the rear of the Scots, a large body of men waving banners and arms. These were Bruce's gillies and camp-followers carrying, it is said, their blankets on poles in lieu of flags. The English, already dispirited, thinking another reserve was joining in the attack, wavered a moment, then broke and fled. Edward, with a few of his knights, spurred on straight through to Berwick, followed hotly by Doug-

las. He lost thousands of his men in the battle, and many of the fugitives were slain. His camp, with all its valuable equipment, remained in the hands of the Scots.

"The character of the challenge, the chivalric character of the compact, and the complete victory of the smaller nation that was fighting for its very existence, thus entitle Bannockburn to rank, not only as the greatest battle in Scots history, but as one of the most memorable in the annals of war. . . .

"Its moral effect was not to be reckoned by the number of the slain English. It was illimitable. The pride of that great achievement infused itself into the very life-blood of the nation, and was one of the determining factors of its destiny." [1]

By the believing the fact that the Abbot of Inchaffray marched before the Scottish troops bearing St. Fillan's arm, is sufficient to account for the victory.[2]

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[1] "Scotland of To-Day," by T. F. Henderson and Francis Watt.

[2] "Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front, bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots in few and forcible words, to combat for

About a mile and a half south of Stirling is the famous Bore Stone, where Bruce is said to have set up the Scottish standard. The castle ramparts afford an excellent view of the field of Bannockburn.

Southwest from the castle, in the King's Park, is a large grassy, terraced mound, octagonal in shape. In early times—it existed before Bannockburn—it was called the Round Table, but in later times it was known as the King's Knot. Its purpose is not known, though it is supposed to have been used for some royal game.

From the castle walls may be seen the fertile Links of Forth on one of which stands a stately tower, all that remains of the once wealthy and famous Cambuskenneth Abbey. In the west, on a fair day, Ben Lomond and some of his neighbouring peaks loom through the haze. A still more extensive view is to be had from the Wallace Monument which stands on a height called Abbey Craig, two miles north of Stirling.

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their rights and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. 'They yield,' cried Edward; 'see, they implore mercy.' 'They do,' answered Ingelram de Umfraville, 'but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.' ''—ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.

Burns's "Lines on Viewing Stirling Palace" make entertaining reading, if caustic:

"Here Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost:
Who know them best despise them most."

CHAPTER VIII

THE KINGDOM OF FIFE

NORTH of the Firth of Forth lies the interesting peninsular often designated by its old appellation, the Kingdom of Fife. Though its scenery lacks the rugged features found in many other parts of Scotland, its gently rolling country, attaining a height of seventeen hundred feet in one of the Lomond Hills, has a delightful atmosphere of peace and contentment. The Kingdom of Fife has had its share of history and romance. Abernethy, in the north, was the capital of the old southern Pictish Kingdom; Dunfermline and Falkland were favourite residences of royalty; and St. Andrews was the ecclesiastic capital of Scotland. Quaint little old-world towns and villages with alluring names line the coast all the way from Aberdour to St. Andrews. These were trading-towns of the Middle Ages, and were so prosperous that James V compared Fife to a beggar's cloak with a fringe of gold.

They present somewhat of a Dutch aspect, with their red-tiled roofs and narrow streets, and with an attractive atmosphere all their own they invite the traveller to linger, to enjoy their quaintness and quiet, to visit the ruin of some storied castle, or to play the royal and ancient game of golf, which calls its devotees from all along the coast. From this shore is a magnificent view of Edinburgh and the Lothian coast.

The famous Forth Bridge, that marvel of modern engineering, spans the Firth near Queensferry, where Queen Margaret used to cross in going from Dunfermline to Edinburgh. Dunfermline, a few miles from the coast, is not an attractive town in itself, but it has a shrine well worth a visit, one which made it almost hallowed ground some centuries ago. Dunfermline Abbey has a fascinating story of which only the outline can be given.

Malcolm, after the assassination of his father, King Duncan, by Macbeth, fled to England, but after seventeen years he returned and met Macbeth in a battle in which the latter was defeated and slain. This success gave the crown to Malcolm, who went to Fife and built a strong tower, a remnant of which still stands

on a hill in Pittencrieff Glen in Dunfermline. It was to this stronghold, which was the beginning of Dunfermline, that Malcolm welcomed Edgar the Atheling and his sister Margaret, the royal Saxon fugitives from England, at the time of the Norman Conquest. Malcolm soon loved the beautiful girl and made her his queen, and as she was as lovely in character as in person, her softening and refining influence not only was felt in the rough Celtic court, but in time raised the standard of civilization throughout the entire country.

Up to this time the Scottish Church had followed the Celtic practices, but through the influence of the young Queen it was brought under the Roman rule. Margaret also founded the abbey, and she and Malcolm bestowed on it valuable grants of land and many rich gifts.

Of the original abbey only the splendid Anglo-Norman nave remains. That seems filled with ancient and stately memories. The new eastern part of the church, which is almost glaring in its freshness though nearly a hundred years have passed since it was built (in 1818) on the site of the old choir, is, fortunately perhaps, cut off from the nave by a partition. The west entrance is an excep-

tionally fine example of the recessed Norman doorway. For those who wish only to visit the ancient shrine there would be little reason for visiting the new part, beautiful as it may be, were it not that the dust of Robert Bruce lies under the pulpit. While the new building was being erected, those in charge found a tomb which they thought was that of Bruce. Walter Scott was present when the grave was opened, and relates how they found the "skeleton of a tall man," which they identified as that of King Robert, both by the fragments of the cloth of gold which was the King's winding-sheet, "and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take out the heart." He also describes the moving scene which followed the placing of the bones in the new tomb which had been made for them: "Before the coffin was closed the people were allowed to pass through the church, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears, for there was the wasted skull which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his

Dunfermline Abbey Church Doorway.

country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn." A new-looking brass tablet with a likeness of the king lies over the tomb. It would seem that King Robert might have chosen to have his dust rest in the old nave, if he could have had a voice in the matter.

Outside the new church where once the Lady Chapel stood is the tomb of Margaret and Malcolm Canmore, marked by great slabs of grey stone, ornamented only by the lichens that cover them. Its simple massive dignity is most impressive, and has an air of permanence that would be lacking in a more elaborate monument. Because of the many miracles wrought at Queen Margaret's tomb and on account of the queen's good life and her numerous benefactions to the church, she was canonised in the year 1250. Formerly Iona was the burial-place of the kings, but it was succeeded by Dunfermline Abbey where were laid the bodies of most of the kings with their queens from Malcolm Canmore to Robert Bruce.

The palace, which succeeded Malcolm's tower and was a favourite royal residence, is now a ruin, though the remaining portion contains the window of the room in which were born Charles I, and also his sister Elizabeth, through whom the present ruler of England inherits the throne. It is conjectured that Alexander III is referred to in the famous ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens:"

> "The King sits in Dunfermline toun,
> Drinking the bluid-red wine."

And it was near Ringhorn, one of Fifeshire's oldest villages, that Alexander met his death by a fall from his horse, confirming the portent of his grisly wedding-guest at Jedburgh.

The example of Malcolm's and Margaret's generosity has been followed some eight hundred years later by a son of Dunfermline, Andrew Carnegie, who has bought and presented to his native city beautiful grounds —Pittencrieff Park and Glen. Mr. Carnegie has also given the town a library and a Technical School as well as two and a half million dollars, the income of which, managed by a board of trustees, is to be used to promote the

"higher welfare, physical, intellectual, and moral, of the inhabitants." The cottage where Andrew Carnegie was born is one of the show-places of Dunfermline.

North of Dunfermline, just over the line in Kinross-shire, lies Loch Leven, beautifully situated, with the Vale of Kinross stretching away to the north and east, and on the north-east the Lomond Hills where is the historic palace of Falkland. There used to be a superstition that the loch had some mysterious connection with the number eleven, "being eleven miles around, surrounded by eleven hills, fed by eleven streams, peopled by eleven kinds of fish, and studded by eleven islands." The water has been lowered, however, so that now the loch is only eight and a half miles in circumference. Whatever the other ten kinds of fish may be, that one for which Loch Leven is famous is the trout.

On one of the islands are the remains of a religious institution of the Culdees, but a glamour of melancholy romance is thrown over the waters of the loch from the fortress-tower where Queen Mary was imprisoned for nearly a year. It was after her surrender to the nobles on Carberry Hill. At that time the

people of Edinburgh were very bitter against the unfortunate Queen, and she was quietly taken to Loch Leven Castle, where she was put in the custody of Lady Douglas, the mother of the Earl of Moray, Mary's half-brother. It was a dismal place, made more so by the cruel treatment to which Mary was subjected, all of which, together with the story of her escape, is most interestingly told in "The Abbot."

Mary's first attempt to escape was not successful. She exchanged clothes with her laundress, concealed her face with a great muffler, and bending under the weight of a heavy bundle of linen, entered the boat which was to take the laundress ashore. They were almost across the Loch, when Mary was betrayed by the "hand of snowy whiteness" that she raised to arrange the muffler which had become loosened. Notwithstanding the Queen's protests the boatmen rowed her back to the castle. The next attempt, planned by George Douglas, a son of the house, was also futile. George, because of his share in these plans, and also because he was suspected, justly, it seems, of loving Mary, was expelled from the castle. He continued to plot for her escape,

and a younger brother, William ("Roland Græme" in "The Abbot") was won to her allegiance. On the memorable night a hundred horsemen were concealed among the hills, and several were at Kinross near the loch.

"William Douglas had the address to steal the keys from the hall in which Sir William and his mother were sitting at supper; the Queen at the appointed signal once more descended with her female attendant to the lake, where a little boat was waiting, into which they both eagerly entered; the maiden assisted the youth in rowing, and when they approached the shore, he flung into the lake the keys of the castle they had just quitted. Another coadjutor in this enterprise was John Beaton, who had held frequent communication with George Douglas; and, by his assistance, provided horses to facilitate the Queen's deliverance. Scarcely had she landed, when, by their care, she was mounted on a palfrey, and conveyed to Niddry, the seat of Lord Seaton; where, surrounded by affectionate friends, Mary might repeat with ecstacy, 'I am once more a Queen!' How often, in succeeding years of Captivity, must the recollection of that rapturous welcome have imparted a momentary sensation of pleasure to her oppressed heart!

. . . . . .

"After a halt of three hours, she proceeded to Hamilton, where having solemnly revoked her com-

pulsory abdication, she dispatched a messenger to the Regent, to demand the restitution of her crown. Every moment was now big with interest; the nobles promised allegiance; John Beaton departed for England, to solicit aid from Elizabeth; native troops crowded to the Queen's banner, and, in a few days, 6,000 men were assembled. But, unfortunately, there was neither a Morton nor a Murray to direct their movements; those brave followers were without an efficient chief; neither prudence nor energy prevailed in their deliberations; and whilst the Queen entreated to be conveyed to Dumbarton, the rash counsels of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, who projected the Queen's marriage with his nephew, Lord Arbroath, precipitated the final battle of Langside."[1]

Of the vivid interest that clings even now to everything connected with Queen Mary, A. R. Hope Moncrieff writes suggestively:

"The dourest Scotman's heart has three soft spots, the memory of Robert Burns, the romance of Prince Charlie, and the misfortunes that seem to wash out the errors of that girl queen. This is dubious ground, into which tons of paper and barrels of ink have been thrown without filling up a quaking bog of controversy. I myself have heard a distinguished scholar hissed off

[1] "Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots," Miss Benger, 1823.

the most philosophic platform in Scotland for throwing a doubt on Queen Mary's innocence, so I will say no more than that her harshest historian, if shut up with her in Loch Leven as page or squire, might have been tempted to steal the keys and take an oar in the boat that bore her over those dark waters to brief freedom and safety."

In the year 1805, during a drought, the keys of Loch Leven Castle were found and "delivered to Mr. Taylor, of Kinross, by whom they were presented to the Earl of Morton." They subsequently were added to Sir Walter's collection at Abbotsford.

For many centuries a favourite Fifeshire resort of the Scottish kings was the Forest of Falkland, where the sport-loving monarchs enjoyed their chief pastime, hunting. Here they had in early days a castle which was replaced in later times by a palace. This in turn fell into somewhat the condition of a ruin, but, like several of the royal dwellings, it was restored by James V in preparation for his marriage to Mary of Guise. It was at Falkland that James died after the battle of Solway Moss. Like most of the other Scottish palaces, Falkland—the name is said to be derived from "falcon"—has connected with it enough

romantic tales to fill a volume. It was here that the gay young Duke of Rothesay, the heir to the crown of Robert III, is said to have been imprisoned and starved to death by his ambitious uncle, the Duke of Albany. The story is told in "The Fair Maid of Perth." Cromwell sacrificed the beautiful Forest of Falkland for wood with which to build a fortification at Perth. The Earl of Hertford, Oliver Cromwell, and John Knox never allowed little things like a noble forest, centuries old, or a stately old palace with countless memories, or a magnificent abbey which had shone as a brilliant light illuminating the darkness of the Middle Ages, to impede the carrying out of their desires. Such things seemed to be in their view but chaff to be blown away. They had the courage of their convictions, but one wishes they had not been so overzealous in their iconoclasm.

On any bright morning in summer the eyes of travellers on trains drawing into St. Andrews may be gratified by seeing a small army of golfers on the renowned links, and again by the warm sunny welcome given them by the stately old city. Golfers are everywhere; they emerge from the train carrying

bundles of golf-sticks; and it seems as if most of the townspeople, from the children up, have sticks in their hands. It makes the unprovided feel conspicuous, even though they know they are in the golf capital of the world, and they are inclined to slip away to one of the three streets which converge at the cathedral. Near the station the city looks particularly cheerful and new, but once through the West Port, one of the old city gates dating from the fifteenth century, it is easier to remember that St. Andrews was once the stately ecclesiastical capital of Scotland and that tragedies have taken place there. Not far from the West Port is the ivy-clad fragment of the Blackfriars Monastery, a testimony to John Knox's influence and the result of his sermon on Idolatry, preached in the Town Church of St. Andrews on June 5, 1559. The people of the town were so inflamed by that discourse that they immediately destroyed the monasteries of the Grey and Black Friars and the great cathedral. A sight of the beautiful and mournful remains of the cathedral makes it seem incredible that even in fanatical rage a mob could, in a few days, have brought to such utter ruin a magnificent structure that it had taken more

than a century and a half to build. It is agreed that the reformers destroyed the monasteries, but some authorities maintain that they did not demolish the walls of the cathedral. Why they should have stopped with the monasteries, when in other places they did not hesitate to demolish fine cathedrals, is not stated.

Only a few fragments are left of the once magnificent church, but these are now being cared for, and it is a pleasure in visiting the ancient place to be able to trace, by an outline in the greensward, the lines of the foundations and the position of the pillars. Of the five original spires three remain, "the skeleton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms to the sky," according to Dean Stanley. The cathedral is said to have been founded by Bishop Arnold about 1160, and it "slowly emerged from the hands of the builders, the crowning glory of the Scottish ecclesiastical system, and for centuries kings, nobles, and peasants bowed the knee before its altars." The Augustinian Priory, next to the cathedral the wealthiest ecclesiastical institution in the kingdom, possessed elaborate and extensive buildings enclosed by a thick wall a mile in circumference. Among the priors were some

of the most eminent and learned men of Scotland. Near the west door of the cathedral is a deep archway called the Pends, which was the principal entrance to the priory. They builded nobly and well, those old ecclesiastics, and the world would have lost a most precious possession if at least the remains of their splendid religious edifices had not been preserved to be an example of beauty and grace and strength and stateliness in architecture.

A few yards from the east end of the cathedral is the square tower of St. Regulus, which belonged to a still older building. Its history is not known, but it is supposed to have been built by the Celtic church. There it has stood for many centuries, plain and austere, but impressive in its simplicity. The tradition was that St. Regulus, or St. Rule, was, at some time in the fourth century, shipwrecked here with the relics of St. Andrew in his possession. However that may be, it is known that at an early date a Celtic brotherhood here had its establishment, probably the successor of an earlier Columbian cell, and that it possessed a shrine supposed to contain the relics of St. Andrew, which drew pilgrims in great numbers.

The ruin haunted by the most harrowing memories is that of the castle, on a rocky cliff overlooking the sea. It was for four centuries the archi-episcopal palace, and within its walls have been entertained nobles, prelates, ambassadors, and kings. It looks peaceful enough on a rare August day, the bright sunlight on its grassy turf within and the shimmering sea lazily lapping its rocky base giving no hint of those other days of storm when the angry ocean dashes its waves over the very walls. With a moat and drawbridge in front, and the sea at its back, the old castle must have been well-nigh impregnable. The walls which are standing are not those from which Cardinal Beaton is said to have watched the dying agonies of George Wishart, the martyr, whom he burned at the stake. After the cardinal was murdered, the castle was destroyed, but was afterward rebuilt by Archbishop Hamilton, Cardinal Beaton's successor. It is all a gruesome tale, from the martyrdom of Wishart to the seizing and murdering of the cardinal a few months later by a number of the reformers. In their pious zeal several of them attacked and stabbed the old man, and dangled his bleeding body from the same window

Ancient Tower of St. Regulus.

whence he had watched the burning martyr. John Knox joined the reformers and aided them to hold the castle against the French fleet which came to relieve it. It was finally taken and destroyed, and Knox and his companions were captured and sent to the galleys.

The strange feature of the castle which time and man have found difficult to injure is the Bottle Dungeon in the old sea-tower. It is, as its name suggests, of the shape of a bottle hollowed in the solid rock to the depth of twenty-four feet, and it is seventeen feet in diameter at the base. The prisoner lowered into that dungeon must have left all hope behind. Cardinal Beaton's body lay in the Bottle Dungeon well covered with salt, according to John Knox's account, until it could be buried.

In the town church is a monument to Archbishop Sharp, primate of Scotland, who was torn from his carriage on Magus Moor, three miles from St. Andrews, and in the presence of his supplicating daughter was foully assassinated by a band of Covenanters. Happily those are far-away days, and it is not for us to judge the perpetrators of those evil deeds.

The University of St. Andrews is the oldest in Scotland, founded (in 1411) more than

three-quarters of a century before Columbus set forth on his memorable voyage. The Pope's bull confirming the establishment of the new institution was received with elaborate ceremonial. To-day a degree from St. Andrews has marked value among students, and with those who golf praise from the critical caddies of the St. Andrews links is a certificate no less creditable in its way. Of one of the University professors a caddy is reported to have said, "He'll never be a golfer, but he's fairly intelligent," and no doubt the recipient of the compliment felt that he had achieved new letters after his name.

CHAPTER IX

PERTH AND DUNKELD

PERTH, for many centuries the capital of Scotland, has a superb situation on the banks of the Tay. To the traveller who is acquainted with its interesting history, the first view of the city is as disappointing as is the first glimpse of Rome. It repays a visit, however, not so much on account of a few mutilated and ancient landmarks, as for the beauty of the surrounding country. The "Fair City" is probably older than Stirling. It is said that the Romans, on first beholding the town and the winding Tay, exclaimed "Ecce Tiber!"

> " 'Behold the Tiber!' the vain Roman cried,
> Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
> But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
> And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"
>
> —Scott.

Perth was a town of importance in Pictish times when Kenneth M'Alpin was crowned at

Scone, a mile and a half distant. When Agricola built his camp hard by it was known as Bertha, and so it was called until the thirteenth century when its church was dedicated to St. John the Baptist. Further to honour its patron the city itself was called St. Johnstoun. The appellation was too ecclesiastical for the Reformers, who resumed the use of the original name which had been slowly modified to Perth. It was in that same church of St. John that John Knox preached on the eleventh of May, 1559, the inflammatory sermon which resulted in the destruction of most of the beautiful ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland. Knox himself tells, with righteous exultation, how his followers in Perth worked so busily that in the space of two days they had destroyed all but the walls of three costly and magnificent monasteries, the Grey Friars, the Black Friars, and the greatest of all, the Carthusian. The church which was despoiled and otherwise injured, only the tower and part of the walls being spared, was rebuilt and divided into three places of worship. The tower and the eastern end date from the time of Bruce.

In the Blackfriars Monastery, the poet-king, James I, was murdered by Sir Robert Graham.

When the king was recalled from his long exile in England, he was thirty years old and had not only the advantage of an English education but was skilled in the use of arms and had some knowledge of statecraft. With the determination, "If God gives me but a dog's life, I will make the key keep the castle and the brachen bush the cow," he resolutely determined to set his kingdom in order. This, among other high-handed measures, necessitated the execution of several nobles. He had ruled ably and actively for thirteen years when a conspiracy, of which Graham was the ringleader, was formed to assassinate him. They chose the time when he was visiting Perth, and the court was occupying Blackfriars Monastery. It was evening, and James was talking with the Queen when they heard the tumult of the approaching conspirators, admitted by the recreant royal chamberlain. Some traitor had removed the bolts from the doors, and Catherine Douglas, one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, thrust her arm through the staples, while the King concealed himself in a vault beneath the room. His hiding-place was discovered and he was "mercilessly dirked to death" in the presence of the Queen. She had

the assassins hunted down, and within a month the chief members of the conspiracy were captured and put to death with torture. The Queen was that Joan Beaufort, who inspired a part of the beautiful poem, "The King's Quhair" (book), in which James describes the royal girl as from his prison window he saw her walking in the garden below.

> "The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
> That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour."

For nearly three centuries after 1200 A.D. Perth was the seat of the Parliament as well as of the court, but in 1482 James III transferred the Parliament to Edinburgh.

On Curfew Street is a fine old building, supposed to be the house of the "Fair Maid of Perth," one of whose admirers, according to Scott, was the young Duke of Rothesay. In the course of Scott's novel he gives an account of the combat between the clans Chattan and Quhele on the North Inch, one of the two historic meadows of Perth. This was the unique method chosen to allow the two clans to settle a deadly feud. Thirty men were selected from each clan, and in the presence of King Robert III and some foreign guests they

fought to a finish, or until only one man was left on the Clan Chattan side and eleven in the Quhele ranks, of whom only one was left unwounded.

The North Inch, on which this struggle took place, and which is now a pleasure-ground, and the South Inch are large public meadows between which lies the city. It was on the South Inch that Cromwell built a fort, using stones from one of the ruined monasteries, tombstones, trees from the Forest of Falkland, in fact, any suitable material that he could find. Not a vestige of the great fortification remains. Indeed there is little to show Perth's former consequence, or that formerly it was occupied at different times by the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, by the Lords of the Congregation, by Montrose, Cromwell, Claverhouse, the Pretender, and Prince Charles Edward.

The County Buildings stand on the site of Gowrie House, the scene of the alleged attempt on James VI's life. On an August day in 1600 the King, who was hunting near the palace of Falkland, was told by Alexander Ruthven, brother of the Earl of Gowrie, of a captive taken at Gowrie House whose treasure should

belong to His Majesty. James rode the twelve miles to Perth, and after dinner was over, was asked to enter alone a turret in an angle of the castle. It was but a few minutes before his attendants, awaiting him in the garden, heard his cries for help, and in the ensuing struggle on the winding tower-stair the Earl of Gowrie and his brother both were killed. The excitement spread; in the streets of Perth were citizens who so loved the Ruthvens that they were ready to think that the attack had been made against them. Indeed, the King and his men had to follow the Gowrie House grounds to the Tay and take boat with some lack of royal dignity. Of the real inspiration of the fight history never has made certain, though it is supposed that the two Ruthvens sought to entrap James in revenge for the execution of their father who had failed in a similar attempt to secure the King some seventeen years before at the ancient Castle of Ruthven, now called Huntingtower, some two and one-half miles from Perth.

The main attractions of Perth, however, are outside the city—the walks through the beautiful country-side and the views from Kinnoul Hill which looms over the town.

From the North Inch of Perth there is visible across the river the modern Scone Palace, its interest being that it stands on or near the site of the old Abbey of Scone which was demolished by the Reformers.

Tradition says that Kenneth M'Alpin, who became King of the united Picts and Scots in 844 A.D., brought from Dunstaffnage the Stone of Destiny upon which the Scottish kings were crowned down to James I. When that monarch was murdered at Perth, the queen hastened to Edinburgh with her seven year old son, who was crowned at Holyrood Abbey. Edward I, on one of his incursions into Scotland, "lifted" the historic stone and placed it in the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey where it has since been used at the coronations of the English kings. An old rhyme, whose truth was confirmed when James VI ascended the English throne, says:

"Except old seers do feign,
And wizard wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find."

According to one legend, it is the pillow on which Jacob's head rested when he had the vision of the angels.

The shrine of this treasure was a Culdee college or monastery, which was succeeded by the abbey. Near Scone Palace is the Mote-hill, known, however, as the Boot-hill, because, the story goes, after a coronation, the attending nobles poured out of their boots the earth which they had brought with them to enable them to stand on their own land while assisting at the ceremony. In the coronation hall of the Abbey of Scone, Charles II was crowned —the last coronation in Scotland.

Stretching away from Perth toward Dundee, a nobly situated but grimy town devoted to the manufacture of jute, linen, and marmalade, is the Carse of Gowrie. This fertile plain, lying along the banks of the Tay, with its waving fields of grain, has been called the granary of Scotland.

Some miles north of Perth, in the valley of the Tay, is what is left of the ancient town of Dunkeld. It is called the Gate to the Highlands because almost every invading army from Roman days on, either made, or attempted to make, an entrance through the narrow gorge beyond Dunkeld. It is a charmingly picturesque little place with its tall church tower, the graceful old stone bridge across the wind-

ing river and the surrounding, tree-covered, lofty hills.

A Columban monastery was established in Dunkeld by a Pictish King; and when Kenneth M'Alpin united the Picts and the Scots, he brought the relics of St. Columba from Iona and made this establishment the head of the Celtic church in Scotland, an honour that was transferred later to Abernethy and then to St. Andrews. After this time the abbacy of Dunkeld fell to men of position and wealth. One of these lay abbots married a king's daughter, and founded the royal Scottish line.

The cathedral, a successor of the Celtic church, met the same fate as the monasteries and churches in Perth, and the Abbey of Scone. The buttressed tower, which was finished in 1501, is still standing. In the church is not only the dust of the saintly Columba, but also the tomb of the Earl of Buchan, son of Robert II, who on account of his cruel and wicked manner of life, was called the "Wolf of Badenoch." Behind the church are two enormous larches from the Tyrol, called the "parent larches," because they were the first of their family in Scotland. Most attractive on account of its literary interest is Birnam

Hill, rising above the Tay near Dunkeld. The Great Birnam Wood has disappeared, but the hill is covered with young trees. The soldiers led by young Malcolm Canmore and Macduff, encamped on Birnam Hill, and cutting the boughs, marched in their shelter, as it were, toward Macbeth's castle on Dunsinane Hill.

> "'Fear not, till Birnam Wood
> Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
> Comes toward Dunsinane;—arm, arm, and out."

It is said that Queen Elizabeth sent a band of English players to Scotland at the request of James VI, and that they not only performed at Perth, but went north as far as Aberdeen; so it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have visited Scotland, and perhaps "Macbeth" was played upon its own soil. The site of Macbeth's castle and of the witches' haunts are pointed out with more or less unanimity as to the exact locations.

In the vicinity of Dunkeld on the direct route to Inverness, is some of the finest scenery in Scotland, and every hill and stream and bower has its tradition linking to its natural beauty some famous name or circumstance. Loch Tay, the source of the River Tay, is sur-

View from Cathedral Tower, Dunkeld.

Loch Tay and Killin.

rounded by mountainous views of rare loveliness; the village of Pitlochry, in itself attractive, is a health resort, and a centre for rambles full of charm; Blair-Athole is said to offer the best shooting and fishing in Scotland.

An old ballad tells a Lord of Burleigh tale of one of the ancient Dukes of Athole whose mansion, Blair Castle, is in this little town. The nobleman in disguise wooes a lass and tests her affection in ways best honoured in the breach since Griselda's day. Finding her love unshaken he finally makes the overpowering disclosure of his identity:

> "Blair in Athole's mine, Jeanie!
> Little Dunkeld is mine, lassie!
> St. Johnston's bower and Huntingtower—
> And a' that's mine is thine, lassie!"

A few miles north of Dunkeld is the famous Pass of Killiecrankie, narrow and tree-laden, with the river Garry foaming along its rocky bed at the bottom of the glen. Here Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, fighting for James against King William (1689), fell, shot by a silver bullet that the Devil could not turn aside, just as he had won a victory over the English. He was taken to Blair Castle to die,

and his men, their leader lost, fled in dismay, giving one more blow to the Stuart cause.

Kingussie and Aviemore are popular resorts situated amid the grand scenery of the Grampians, of the Cairngorm group, and of the Monadhliadh range. Professor Blackie's enthusiasm over this region expressed itself in some rhymes, "The Praise of Kingussie" in which he asks:

> "Tell me, good sir, if you know it,
> Tell me truly, what's the reason
> Why the people to Kingussie
> Shoalwise flock in summer season—"

and urges:

> "Come with me, ye lowland lubbers,
> Learn to knock at Nature's door;
> Peeping clerks and plodding scholars,
> Start with me from Aviemore.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Come and learn the joy of working
> In God's vineyard fresh and fair,
> In the place which He appointed
> For your youthful service there."

The excursions hereabouts include, in addition to those alluring by their scenery, trips to spots mentioned by Queen Victoria in her

Highland "Journal;" to the obelisk erected to the memory of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian; to the parish church of Insh, and to Cluny's Cave. The church looks down upon the Spey from a knoll called "Tom Eunan," by which degenerate name Adamnan, the first author in Scotland's literary annals, would have difficulty in recognising himself as the patron saint of the place where a religious edifice has stood since the sixth century. A bronze bell in the church is declared to date back to the Culdees. Even if it does not belong to a time so remote it is known to have been long enough in its present station to love the spot, and when once it was stolen, it rang plaintively, "Tom Eunan, Tom Eunan," undoubtedly to the discomfiture, if not the betrayal of its captors. In some fashion it was brought back, ringing more and more merrily as it grew "warm," and rousing the parish folk to welcome it and to chain it so that it might stray no more. And there is the chain to-day to prove the story.

Cluny's Cave, aloft on the precipitous heights of Craigdhu, remains to-day to bear witness to the fidelity of one of the Macpherson clan to its head in the days of the "Forty-five." Cluny

Macpherson was pursued by the soldiery, and his followers dug out this cave as a hiding-place for him, putting the earth into the loch below that it might not betray their work. A clansman brought food to the concealed chief at the risk of his life, and his devotion is acknowledged even to-day, for when one of his descendants dies, the chief of the Macphersons must send his piper to play a lament at the funeral. It is a story of Highland ingenuity, of Highland courage, of Highland devotion, and of Highland gratitude.

CHAPTER X

ABERDEEN, THE CITY OF BON ACCORD

IT would be difficult to take a route in Scotland that did not pass through more than one place of note, and so it is in going from Perth to Aberdeen. The line runs near the magnificent old Glamis Castle, a splendid example of Scottish baronial architecture, and mysterious with secret passages and stairways and unexpected nooks and recesses. Malcolm II, who was fatally wounded on Hunters' Hill nearby, by a band of assassins, died in the castle. Scott, who visited it, wrote: "I happened to pass a night in this magnificent old baronial castle. The hoary old pile contains much in its appearance, and in the traditions connected with it, impressive to the imagination. It was the scene of the murder of a King. It also contains a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance to which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to

three persons at once, viz., the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence."

Arbroath, on the coast, is making some pretensions nowadays to being a watering-place. This is possibly as useful though not so dignified a rôle as that played by the village in the twelfth century when William the Lion founded at "Aberbrothok" a monastery than which but one in Scotland, Holyrood, was more richly endowed. By papal privilege its abbots were allowed to wear the mitre, and it numbered among its dignitaries at least one Cardinal, that Beaton who watched George Wishart burn below the castle windows at St. Andrews. William the Lion was fond of a certain Red Castle, whose ruins stand not far away from Arbroath, and he was buried in the abbey that he dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket.

This region forms the background of "The Antiquary." For other than Scott lovers, the coast is best known by Southey's poem, "The Inchcape Rock," which relates the punishment "fitting the crime" that befel Sir Ralph the rover.

"The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung."

Sir Ralph, walking the deck of his pirate craft, felt in jovial mood and disposed to practical joking:

"His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok.'

"The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

"Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.' "

Away sailed Sir Ralph on plunder bent. After many a day, he once again approached the Scottish shore. Through haze and darkness the vessel drove upon the land.

" 'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell.'

"They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
O, Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Stonehaven is another watering-place of Scotland's east coast. On a bold headland a little south of it are the ruins of Dunnottar Castle, reared defiantly against the sky. This was built in 1392 by the Keiths, long Earls Marischal of Scotland until they lost the office because of their adherence to the Stuart cause. It must have been almost unassailable by the close-quarter war machinery of its prime, for on three sides the sea washed the promontory and on the fourth a deep ravine nearly severed it from the mainland. Nevertheless it changed hands more than once. At one time the English captured it, to lose it again to the personal daring of Wallace; and after the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell's soldiers starved its garrison into surrender. It was during this siege that the "Honours of Scotland" were so nearly lost to the English. They had been sent to Dunnottar for safe-keeping, and when the lowering larder prophesied surrender, their rescue became a matter of critical anxiety to their guardians. By the address of Mrs.

Granger, wife of the minister of Kineff, a nearby village, they were hidden in bundles of household goods which she was permitted to carry through the English lines. They were buried under the pulpit of the church at Kineff until the Restoration, when they were taken to their present shelter in Edinburgh Castle. Their concealment after the Union, and their disclosure more than a century later has been told in another chapter.

Dunnottar's dungeon was the instrument of unspeakable cruelties during its three centuries of miscalled usefulness. In this twentieth century, when man looks upon man as his fellow, not his foe, and when even international peace is no longer a dream of the visionary, it is almost incredible that in 1685, one hundred and sixty-seven Covenanters, men, women, and children, were cast into this hole to live if they could or die if they must, the jest of their captors and the sport of their jailers. In Dunnottar churchyard stands the Martyrs' Monument erected to their memory. It was upon the inscription of this monument that the original of "Old Mortality," that Paterson who loved a stone better than his wife, was at work when Scott discovered him.

Aberdonians think of their city by the open-hearted name, "Bon Accord," which is the town's motto. Aberdeen has long been called the Granite City, and its splendid Union Street bears evidence to the appropriateness of the name in the stately granite buildings that line it on each side. It has the reputation of being the cleanest city in the United Kingdom, and it is easy to believe it when, after a shower, the very paving stones of this mile-long street shine in the sunlight as if set with sparkling jewels. In new Aberdeen the main streets are broad and the light grey buildings give a wonderfully cheerful effect, but the old and the new portions of the city overlap, and on some of the narrow side streets are old houses with outside stairs and ancient gables and quaint corners, which carry one back almost to the Middle Ages. In one of these streets is a fine old mansion where the young Duke of Cumberland lodged for six weeks before the battle of Culloden. The citizens suffered great indignities from the soldiers of the Duke's army who had no regard for their rights or their possessions.

In the old town is King's College, striking in architecture, and replete with historical sug-

gestion. It was founded in 1495 by a Roman Catholic prelate. It is a dignified building with a graceful crown-topped tower. It has a rare library, and a fine chapel, famed for its splendid carvings in oak. For a long time there was rivalry between King's College and Marischal College, founded in 1593 by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal and a Protestant. By the nineteenth century old scores were forgotten, however, and in 1860 the two were united and called the University of Aberdeen. The present home of Marischal College, in the centre of the town, is a splendid building erected within the last twenty years, which is said to be second only to the Palace of the Escorial as the largest granite building in the world. The magnificent tower rises to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. Near the entrance a stone, transferred from the original building, bears the motto of the Marischals:

"They haif said;
Quhat say thay;
Lat thame say,"

which is thought to refer to the fact that the Marischals accepted a grant of church lands

which made them unpopular and caused much comment. There were two hundred and fifty scholarships in the University before Carnegie bestowed his great benefaction. Now education there is free to all. Near King's College is the old Cathedral of St. Machar, of an imposing dignity with its low massive towers. It was formerly a much larger building than it is now, but the Covenanters did their usual best to wreck it, and Cromwell's soldiers used part of the church for a quarry for stone with which to build a citadel. Tradition has it that the original church here was founded by St. Machar, a disciple of St. Columba, but the present cathedral was built in the time of David I.

The city has several beautiful parks, the inevitable golf links along the beach, and all Deeside for a playground and health resort.

The famous Auld Brig o' Balgownie, built in 1320, is a single narrow arch spanning the Don at a beautiful wooded portion of the river.

Lord Byron, who spent a part of his boyhood with his mother at 64, Broad Street, mentions it in the following lines from "Don Juan:"

"'As Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's Brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentle dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mind:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.' "

A proverb which Byron took unto himself as an only son, threatens the destruction of the bridge.

"Brig o' Balgownie, black's you' wa';
Wi' a wife's ae son and a mear's ae foal
Doun ye shall fa'!"

Aberdeen lies on the North Sea, between the mouths of the Dee and the Don, and, like most Scottish towns, has its noteworthy history, though it is not so exciting as those of some of the towns farther south. Its earliest charter dates from William the Lion in 1178.

The Aberdonians played their part well in the national warfare. The most notable event that took place in this region was the battle of Harlaw (nineteen miles distant) in which fought Lowlander and Highlander, the civilised and the uncivilised of that time. Donald,

Lord of the Isles, of independent position in the Hebrides, claimed the Earldom of Ross. To his support came "Macleans of Mull, . . . Macleods of Skye, Macdonalds from the Rough Bounds, Camerons from Lochaber, Clan Chattan in all its septs," and they burned Inverness and advanced toward Aberdeen. Out from the city swept the burghers, and from all parts of the shire gathered the county folk, and they met, to Donald's loss, in the battle of Harlaw.

"In July, on St. James's even,
That four-and-twenty dismal day,
Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven,
Of years since Christ, the sooth to say,
Men will remember as they may,
When thus the verity they knaw,
And mony a one will mourn for aye
The bloody battle of Harlaw."

The Provost of Aberdeen, Sir Robert Davidson, was slain in this battle. This misfortune gave rise to a law that while in office the Provost of Aberdeen might not leave the city limits, a law which holds good even to the present day. Aberdeen remained Roman Catholic long after most of the other cities of Scotland had adopted the Reformed faith.

Queen Mary stayed here when she was on her way north with her brother, the Earl of Moray, to chastise the insubordinate Huntly.

As is natural from its situation, fishing is one of the industries of Aberdeen, and ship-building is another. That breakfast friend, the Findon haddock, often called in Scotland "Finnan haddy," had its origin in the little village of Findon, a few miles south of Aberdeen.

The Aberdonians have the reputation of being as firm and hard as their native granite, but, though they are doubtless as difficult to move from their chosen path as are other Scotsmen, they are most hospitable and cordial to strangers.

CHAPTER XI

THE VALLEY OF THE DEE

TO the west of Aberdeen along the course of the river Dee, is a charming stretch of country which grows increasingly beautiful toward the heart of the Aberdeenshire Highlands. Deeside is a picturesque and romantic region, a resort of royalty centuries ago as well as now. Its castles and the events which have taken place there, have inspired almost as many ballads as have the vales of Tweed and Yarrow. But whereas those southern valleys lie amid gentle prospects, Deeside, after a few pleasant miles from Aberdeen, goes straight into the wilder scenery of the Highlands. Not far from the city is Blair's College, a famous Roman Catholic institution, which possesses a portrait of Cardinal Beaton and one of the few (some say there are only two) authentic portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. Farther along on the other side of the river is the Roman Camp, called the "Norman Dikes."

About twelve miles from Aberdeen stands Drum Castle, a feudal stronghold said to have been founded by William the Lion at the end of the twelfth century. In 1324 Robert the Bruce bestowed a grant of the Drum forest on William de Irvine. The charter is still in existence and the property has remained in the Irvine family ever since. The Irvines figure among the sturdy warriors of Scottish history, one of them having fallen at Harlaw and another at the battle of Pinkie.

A naïve ballad tells how a Laird of Drum married a shepherd lass, much to the displeasure of his brother and kinsfolk, and brought her home to be the Lady of Drum. To the remonstrances of his brother the laird made reply:

"Now, haud your tongue, my brother John,
What needs it thee offend, O?
I've married a wife to work and win—
Ye've married one to spend, O.

"The first time that I married a wife
She was far abune my degree, O:
She wadna hae walked to the yetts o' Drum
But the pearlin abune her bree, O.
And I durstna gang in the room where she was
But my hat below my knee, O.

"He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her in himsel', O;
In through ha's and in through bowers—
And ye're welcome, Leddy Drum, O!"

There was a hereditary blood-feud between the Irvines and the Keiths of Dunnottar, and a dark story is told of an attachment between an Irvine daughter and a Keith son, which, being discovered, resulted in the tragic death of the lover. Some generations later the feud was peacefully ended by the marriage of Elizabeth Keith to an Irvine.

Four miles north of Banchory, a pretty summer resort a short distance from Drum, is the Howe of Corrichie at the foot of the Hill of Fair. This was where Queen Mary's forces, two thousand in number, met the disaffected Earl of Huntly and his five hundred men. Huntly died on the field of battle. Two of his sons were captured, and one of them, Sir John Gordon, who had the presumption to love Queen Mary, was executed in Aberdeen three days later. It is said that James Stuart, Mary's half-brother, later the Earl of Moray, forced the Queen to witness the death of the man who was devoted to her. At this time Mary had been in Scotland less than a year,

and her object in going north was to reduce the turbulent noble, Huntly, to submission.

Beyond Banchory the railroad makes a detour to pass Lumphanan where Macbeth, in 1056, met with the defeat which is commemorated by Macbeth's Cairn.

> "Over the Mounth they chased him there
> Intil the woods of Lumphanan.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "This Macbeth then slew they there
> In the wood of Lumphanan."

It seems only fair to Macbeth to say that, according to history, during his reign of seventeen years he was an "able and popular King." It is also recorded that he was kind to the poor and generous to the church, and Wyntoun chronicles that in his reign there was

> "Great plenty
> Abounding baith on land and sea."

At Aboyne, another favourite summer resort, is Aboyne Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Huntly, the head of the Clan of Gordon. Much of it is of recent date, but the west wing was built in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The Huntlys were one of the most

powerful families of the north, and they figured prominently in Scottish history. The head of the family in this region is known as "The Cock o' the North."

At Ballater, another popular resort and an admirably convenient centre for excursions, the railway line ends, nine miles from Balmoral. The writer has a vivid recollection of bicycling over those miles many years ago on a September day when the famous Braemar Gathering was held at Balmoral for the pleasure of Queen Victoria. There was "Queen's weather," brilliant sunshine driving the clouds from the sky when the Queen's carriage drove up and the turbaned Indian servants who always accompanied her, assisted her to her chair in the pavilion erected for the royal family. She walked rather feebly, being then eighty years old. The other "royalties" present were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, Prince George and the Princess May (now George V and Queen Mary) and their children, who were then very young. The entire countryside, gentle and noble, were gathered around the royal enclosure before which the sports were to take place.

The Gathering was opened by the marching

Chiefs of Scottish Clans.

in of the clans, each clan being led by its chief. The Marquis of Huntly preceded the Gordons, and the clan of the Farquharsons was also in evidence. The men were all dressed in kilts of the clan tartan, and stepped spiritedly to the sound of the bagpipes, their sporrans swaying from side to side. There is a certain swing and freedom of movement in a body of kilted Highlanders marching to the sound of the bagpipes that is seen nowhere else. After this "grand entrance" followed the games, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, throwing the caber. Then there was a sword dance over crossed swords lying on the ground, while a lament was played on the bagpipes. Doubtless the skirl of the pipes thrills the heart of the Highlander, but to the uninitiated a long lament played on those same bagpipes makes him feel that death would be a happy end! At the close of the afternoon's events prizes were given and the clans reformed and marched away.

During a pause in the games a pretty tableau took place on the grass in front of the royal pavilion. Prince George and his little daughter, who was dressed in white, stood talking together. The little one faced him and

they were having some fun with one another. His manner toward her was charming, and he seemed both fond and proud of her.

A few miles beyond Ballater, where the scenery becomes entirely Highland in character, lies Ballatrich, where Byron was sent when a boy to recover from the effects of a fever. He was always influenced by the impressions made on him by the mountains. Here he met the Highland Mary who inspired him with a remarkable devotion which he describes in "Hours of Idleness."

"When I roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven of snow!
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below;
Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?

"Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt when a boy, on the crag-covered wild;
One image alone on my bosom impressed,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blessed,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

"I crossed with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.
At the eve on my heath-covered couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you."

On the road from Ballater to Balmoral is Abergeldie Castle. Its crow-stepped gables give it an appearance of antiquity, and its ancient keep is dark with the haunting cruelties of the Middle Ages. Balmoral, its near neighbour, was first leased and then bought by Prince Albert, and, when his family filled to overflowing the castle which he designed and built, Abergeldie was leased from its owners, the Gordons, to house the royal guests. Balmoral is of light grey granite. Several turrets soften its severe lines, and at the eastern end there is a high tower. The castle has a beautiful setting in a natural park on the river Orr, amid surrounding mountains. Prince Albert left the property to Queen Victoria who loved the freedom and the solitude of this Highland home. She used to drive about in a pony-carriage, and often talked with

the country people. She frequently went into their humble cottages to visit, but there is nothing humble about the poorest Scot, and sometimes the housewives would refer to Her Majesty as the "old wifie."

The simple life of the royal family at Balmoral has been told entertainingly by Queen Victoria herself in her Highland "Journal."

At the south of Balmoral, rising to a height of 3,786 feet, stands Lochnagar, which sometimes has snow in its crevasses throughout the summer. From its summit is one of the most extensive views in Scotland. Byron has sung its beauties:

"Away, ye gay landscape, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strove through the pine-cover'd glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;

For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starrèd though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden?
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause.
Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber!
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

"Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:
O for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!"

In the vicinity of Lochnagar are Lochs Muick and Dubh (Black Loch) both walled

about with precipices. The view from the summit of Lochnagar extends as far as the Tay on the south and the Moray Firth on the north.

The road to Braemar runs along the river through a charming bit of wooded valley. Retaining much of its original appearance is Braemar Castle, built by the Earl of Mar in 1628. Nearly a century later many Jacobite meetings were held in it. Near Braemar formerly stood Kindrochit Castle, built by Malcolm Canmore. He it was, tradition says, who instituted the Highland Gathering, now famous as the Braemar Gathering, which takes place annually in September, in Princess Royal Park. On entering Braemar the road passes a hotel called the Invercauld Arms, in which a brass tablet records it as the spot on which in September, 1715, the Earl of Mar raised the Standard, proclaimed James VIII of Scotland as King, and sent forth the Fiery Cross[1] to summon all Jacobite adherents to his aid. Mar was a man of words rather than deeds, which caused this Jacobite rising to end in failure.

[1] Whenever a chief needed help or any warlike adventure was afoot the fiery cross was carried as a summons from clan to clan.

Balmoral Castle.

A well known song was composed to celebrate the event.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR

"The standard on the braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely;
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
Is sounding long and clearly.
The Highlandmen frae hill and glen,
In martial hue, wi' bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades,
Are coming late and early.

"Wha' wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry?
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure and gallant Harry,
Macdonalds' men, Clanranald's men,
Mackenzie's men, Macgilvray's men,
Strathallan's men, the Lowland men
Of Callander and Airlie.

"Fy, Donald, up and let's awa';
We canna longer parley;
When Jamie's back is at the sea,
The lad we loe sae dearly—
We'll go, we'll go, and meet the foe,
And fling the plaid and swing the blade,
And forward dash, and hack and smash,
And fley the German carlie." [1]

[1] "German carlie" refers to George I.

Many delightful excursions may be made from Braemar, which is the centre of this Highland region and is thronged with visitors in the summer. Near by is the group of Cairngorm mountains, of which one of the peaks, Ben Muichdhui, 4,244 feet, is next in height to Ben Nevis, with its altitude of 4,406 feet. Ben Muichdhui and Cairngorm are favourite peaks with mountain climbers, but neither of them has so extensive a view as is visible from Lochnagar. For good pedestrians there is a rather wild and somewhat dangerous but rewarding walk among the mountains across to Aviemore, which is on the Highland railway line left at Dunkeld. Lovers of coaching will delight in a trip from Braemar over the Spittal of Glenshee. The road runs through wild and desolate mountain scenery down to the more gently picturesque surroundings of Blairgowrie or, farther on, of Dunkeld.

CHAPTER XII

A GROUP OF CASTLES

IN order to understand why almost every foot of Scotland has historic interest it is necessary to realise the comparatively small area of the country. In a space that, roughly, may be compared to New York State east of Syracuse were confined the activities of fighting individuals, of warring clans, of struggling races. Here were the packed houses of the townsfolk, the keeps of the barons, the estates of the large owners, and the lands of the ecclesiastics.

In the fourteen hundred years and more of the country's known history—ten times as long a period as the history of the United States—there have been many polities and many dominations, and each left its mark not only on the life and speech and laws and thought of the people, but in such visible and tangible expressions as buildings, and in such romantic memories as are kept alive by monuments on

battle-fields, and by ballads on the lips of singers.

In the country between Deeside and the Moray Firth, a square whose sides measure not more than thirty or thirty-five miles, the ground is dotted with storied castles and spots where exciting action has taken place. An excellent road for motoring or driving goes northwest from Aboyne to Glenkindie. Here among the trees are a few ruins, all that is left of Towie Castle, which was once bravely defended by Lady Forbes in the absence of her husband. It was in 1571 when Edom or Adam Gordon, as deputy-lieutenant of his brother, the Marquis of Huntly, was heading the party in the north of Scotland in behalf of the imprisoned Queen Mary, in opposition to the king's party or that of her infant son James VI. Gordon was at feud with Clan Forbes, and in the absence of the owner of Towie Castle, the chief seat of the Forbeses, he sent a party under Captain Ker to reduce it. In the famous old ballad which describes the episode Gordon himself is named as the leader of the raid. The "House o' the Rodes," a keep in Berwickshire, is said to have been introduced by southern reciters in place of Towie House.

EDOM O' GORDON

"It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
'We maun draw to a hauld.[1]

"'And whatna hauld sall we draw till,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye.'

"The ladye stude on her castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and doun;
There she was ware of a host o' men
Cam riding toward the toun.[2]

"'O see ye not, my merrye men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host o' men—
I marvel wha they be.'

"She ween'd[3] it had been her ain dear lord
As he came riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reck'd nae sin nor shame.

. . . . . .

"The ladye ran to her tower head,
As fast as she could hie,
To see if, by her fair speeches,
She could wi' him agree.

---

[1] Stronghold. [2] Residence. [3] Supposed.

"As sune as he saw the ladye fair,
And her yetts[1] a' lockit fast,
He fell into a rage o' wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

. . . . . .

"'Gie owre your house, ye ladye fair,
Gie owre your house to me;
Or I sall burn yoursel therein,
But and your babies three.'

"'I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall make ye dree.'

. . . . . .

"She stude upon her castle wa,
And let twa bullets flee;
She mist that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

" 'Set fire to the house!' quo the fause Gordon,
All wude[2] wi' dule[3] and ire;
'Fause ladye ye sall rue that shot,
As ye burn in the fire.'

. . . . . .

"O then outspak her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee;
Says, 'Mither, dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek[4] it smithers me.'

[1] Gates. [2] Mad. [3] Foreboding. [4] Smoke.

"'I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the wastlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee!'

"O then outspak her dochter dear—
She was baith jimp[1] and sma—
'O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa.'

"They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa;
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa.

"O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

"Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre
O gin her face was wan!
He said, 'You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again.'

. . . . . .

"But when the ladye saw the fire
Come flaming owre her head,
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
Said, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'

. . . . . .

"O then he[2] spied her ain dear lord,
As he came owre the lea;

[1] Slender. [2] Gordon.

He[1] saw his castle a' in a lowe,
Sae far as he could see.

. . . . . .

"Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Fu' fast out owre the bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith ladye and babes were brent.[2]

"He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenfu' mood;
'Ah, traitors! for this cruel deed,
Ye sall weep tears o' bluid.'

"And after the Gordon he has gane,
Sae fast as he might drie,
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid
He's wroken[3] his dear ladye.

. . . . . .

"And mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the green;
For o' fifty men the Gordon brocht,
There were but five gaed hame."

A little farther along the road are the Kildrummie castles, ancient and modern. The light-coloured new structure stands in strong contrast to the substantial grey ruin, of which little is known except that it was originally a

[1] Forbes. [2] Burnt. [3] Revenged.

round fortress tower, a hundred and fifty feet high. It belonged to Robert Bruce and was one of his last strongholds. When he seemed almost at the end of his resources he sent to Kildrummie Castle his wife with the Countess of Buchan and other ladies, and put them in the care of his brave young brother, Nigel Bruce. It was the hereditary right of the Macduffs to place the crown on the heads of the Scottish kings at the coronation ceremony. When Robert Bruce was crowned at Scone, the Countess of Buchan, being a Macduff, in the absence of any other member of her family placed the golden circlet on the king's head, and that, though her husband was a deadly enemy of the Bruce. The castle made a valiant resistance, but was taken. Though the queen and the other ladies escaped they were afterward captured and taken to England, where the Countess of Buchan was, at her unforgiving husband's request, kept in a cage in Berwick Castle for seven years.

In this same locality is Druminnor House which was the seat of the Forbes clan. At one time, the story goes, a peace was made between them and their mortal foes, the Gordons, in token of which fifteen of the Gordons

came to dine at Druminnor House. The Forbes chief, not trusting his former enemies, arranged that each of his guests should be seated between two of his own men. They were instructed that, if he thought that an attack was brewing, he would stroke his beard as a signal for each to slay his neighbour. Inadvertently he raised his hand to his beard, and the Gordons were instantly assassinated. A like story with Gordons as the assailants is told of Craig Hall, not far away.

Before leaving this part of the country, a flashlight glance up the coast sees Peterhead, a shipping town of no especial interest except that it is the most easterly in Scotland. Beyond it is Inverugie, where once stood an ancient castle, from the fourteenth century a possession of the Keiths. The greatest interest attaching to the stronghold is the prophecy made by Thomas the Rhymer concerning one of its stones:

> "As lang's this stane stands on this croft
> The name o' Keith shall be alaft,
> But when this stane begins to fa'
> The name o' Keith shall wear awa'."

It is said that the stone was removed in 1763,

and the last Keith died in 1788. Strange, those prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer!

The railway from Aberdeen to Inverness passes through Huntly, where is the ruin of a venerable castle belonging to the Gordon family. This castle was the scene of one of the most touching stories connected with the great clan feuds. On one of the fierce raids of the Huntlys they killed so many of their rival clan that they brought home more than a hundred children whom they had made orphans. These children were kept crowded together like animals, and like animals fed from a trough! This was the castle to which Queen Mary was invited when she made her northern tour to pacify Huntly, and it is thought that her refusal to visit it still further alienated the already disaffected noble, and perhaps led to the battle of Corrichie.

A little farther on, near Fochabers, is Gordon Castle, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Its original square tower is still standing, but is supplemented by a handsome, wide-spreading, comparatively modern building. One of the safeguards of the keep was its situation, for it was surrounded by a morass impassable except over a cause-

way. "The Gudeman o' the Bog" was the title bestowed upon the owner of this inhospitable habitation by his probably equally inhospitable neighbours. The swamp now serves the better purpose of sustaining in abundant freshness, the trees of an especially beautiful park. After writing "Castle-Gordon" Burns composed a poem whose last stanza follows:

"Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood:
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonny Castle-Gordon."

His "Young Highland Rover" lived at Castle-Gordon.

"Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonny Castle-Gordon!

"The trees, now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies, dowie[1] moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonny Castle-Gordon."

At the northeast, on the coast at Banff, is Duff House, the seat of the Duke of Fife, who married a daughter of King Edward VII. A fine collection of paintings by famous masters is a somewhat surprising "find" in this far northern town. One of the curiosities of the castle is a huge sword which belonged to James Macpherson, a freebooter of the late seventeenth century, who composed a song, "Macpherson's Lament," while in prison awaiting execution. Burns wrote "Macpherson's Farewell" on the same theme.

"Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

[1] Sadly.

"Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

"Oh! what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

"Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

"I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

"Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!"

Elgin is well worth a visit, if only to see the imposing ruins of the cathedral, which, in its day, was the most magnificent of all the cathedrals of Scotland. It was founded in 1224, and, after being destroyed by the "Wolf of Badenoch," an illegitimate son of Robert II, it was rebuilt in 1414. It suffered at the hands of various spoilers, and was used as a

quarry until, in 1820, the crown took possession of it. The most complete part of the ruin is the chapter-house or "Prentice Aisle," about which a tale is told like that related of the pillar in Roslin Chapel. There are various interesting tombs in the ruins, and on the south wall, with the date 1687, a tablet bears this inscription:

"This world is a citie full of streets,
And Death is the mercat that all men meets,
If lyfe were a thing that monie could buy,
The Poor could not live, and the Rich would not die."

Elgin contains other noteworthy ruins—of the Bishop's House and of a Franciscan monastery and of an ancient gateway—while the town itself is a pleasant, clean city, set in a beautiful country.

A few miles beyond Elgin is Forres, in whose "Palace" Banquo's ghost appeared to the guilty Macbeth. From Forres may be visited the exquisite valley of the Findhorn. Nairn, a great golfing centre and popular seashore resort, historically known as the headquarters of Cumberland's troops on the night before the battle of Culloden, is not far away, and a short distance farther on is Inverness.

CHAPTER XIII

INVERNESS AND CULLODEN MOOR

INVERNESS has an advantage possessed by many other Scottish cities, a beautiful situation. It stands at the head of the Moray Firth, at the entrance of the Great Glen, and at the meeting-point of the Highland road from Dunkeld and the road from Aberdeen. The rapid and full-volumed river Ness which flows through the centre of the town, is spanned by four graceful bridges. The valley between Inverness and Loch Ness is lovely, the river flowing between wooded banks. In the stream, about a mile from the town, are two charming islands, laid out as pleasure grounds.

Many people are not aware that Inverness is a most convenient and delightful centre for excursions, which may be made by land or by water in almost any direction. Its healthful climate and its unusually beautiful surroundings mark it as a delightful place in which to

Inverness from the Castle.

make a prolonged visit. The English of Inverness is said to be the purest spoken in the British Isles.

As Inverness, like so many other Scottish towns, has a beginning so far back that it is not recorded, it is a disappointment not to find more indications of antiquity. We know that King Brude had his Pictish capital on the Ness—it is thought on the wooded hill called Craig Phadric, just west of the city. This was probably where Columba came when he travelled north to convert the Pictish king. King Brude refused to open the palace gates for the stranger, whereupon Columba made the sign of the cross, and placed his hand on the gates, which flew open of their own accord. The king, deeply impressed by this exhibition of power, welcomed Columba and listened to his teachings. The Christianizing of the Picts was a great step toward the civilization and the union of North Britain.

On Craig Phadric are the remains of a vitrified fort, one of a number found along the coast and in the Great Glen.

According to tradition, Macbeth's castle, where Duncan was murdered, was at Inverness. This may have been the case, as Macbeth was

Marmaor of Moray. The marmaors, or officers of the kings of Alban, were men of great power which they used as if they were kings themselves. Indeed they were called kings by the Gaelic chroniclers. People of Inverness think Shakespeare's characterization of its air so correct that he must have been there in person.

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses. This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
> By his loved masonry that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here."

Malcolm Canmore destroyed Macbeth's Castle of Inverness, and built a castle on another site. This stood until just before Culloden, when Prince Charlie had it blown up lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy. Many historic episodes are connected with the fortress. It was there that King James I summoned a meeting of the Highland chiefs, whom he immediately seized, and some of whom he had executed and some held as prisoners. When Queen Mary visited Inverness on her tour to suppress the insurrection of the Earl of Huntly, the governor of

the castle, being in the interest of the Earl, refused her admission. Soon after it was taken by her troops and the governor was hanged. The present castle, from which is a lovely view, is modern and contains the County Buildings. In front of it is a granite statue of Flora Macdonald, the brave young woman who assisted in the escape of Prince Charlie. The inscription is:

> "'Mong hills that were by richt his ane
> He roved a lanely stranger."

One of Cromwell's five great Scottish citadels or forts was built at Inverness. It was an enormous structure, but stood fewer than ten years, because, at the Restoration, the citadels erected by Old Ironsides were demolished in accordance with an act of Parliament.

Perhaps the oldest bit of Inverness is a stone embedded in a modern fountain in front of the Town Hall. All public proclamations were made from this bit of rock, whose name, "Clach-a-cudain," "Stone of the Tubs," refers to the time when the maidens of Inverness used it as a resting-place for their jars of water on their way back from the river.

At the east of Inverness, and about fourteen

miles away, is an old castle of unusual interest. In 1454 James II granted to the Thane of Cawdor, a favourite of his, a license to build. Tradition says that the thane found some difficulty in choosing a site, so he put the gold with which he intended to pay for the erection of his new dwelling on the back of an ass, and determined to advance until the ass voluntarily lay down, and there to erect his fortress. The ass finally lying down at the foot of a hawthorn, Cawdor proceeded to build his stronghold about the tree, in proof of which the stump is still to be seen in an underground room. The tower belongs to the early date, but several additions were made in the seventeenth century. The castle is still in use, and is approached by a drawbridge over the moat, which is in its olden condition.

About five miles from Inverness is Culloden (or Drummossie) Moor, where Prince Charlie made a last desperate effort to win back the throne of his ancestors. At that time barren of trees, the land was desolate, a characteristic somewhat softened by a fir wood which grows on a part of the battle-field even to-day. Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews, has described it:

"The moorland wide, and waste, and brown,
Heaves far and near, and up and down,
Few trenches green the desert crown,
And these are the graves of Culloden."

The prince's army numbered from four to five thousand untrained Highlanders; that of the Duke of Cumberland, George II's "fat son," ten thousand disciplined soldiers. During the night of April 15, 1746, Prince Charlie and his army were encamped on the moor. Supplies had run low, and the rations were only one biscuit per man the day before. The night was very cold. When the Prince's body of half-starved, half-frozen Highlanders met double their number of well-fed men, they were in no condition to win a battle. Cumberland's men had encamped for the night at Nairn, where an unsuccessful attempt was made to surprise them. The next morning the Jacobites, wearied by their fruitless march to Nairn, and breakfastless, met the royalist army. A rain of hail and mist beat into the faces of the Highlanders, and, what was even worse, there was dissension in their ranks, the Macdonalds refusing to fight because they were assigned to the left wing instead of the right, which had been their prerogative since

Bannockburn. The other clans made a fierce onslaught with their Highland weapons, and caused great havoc in the first line of the English, and even in the second line, but the rapid fire of the latter mowed down great numbers of the clansmen. When they found that some of Cumberland's men were moving to their rear, they saw that all hope was gone, and as many as could made their escape. All whom Cumberland seized and all the wounded he caused to be killed without quarter, an act of cruelty which won for him the name of "Billy the Butcher." Smollett, in his "Tears of Scotland," writes:

> "Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
> The victor's soul was not appeased;
> The naked and forlorn must feel
> Devouring flames and murdering steel."

About a thousand of the Highlanders were slain in the engagement, and of the royalist army three hundred and ten were "killed, wounded, and missing." On the field where the fight was waged most fiercely, is a cairn with the inscription:

"The Battle of Culloden was fought on this moor on 17th April, 1746. The graves of the Highlanders

who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans."

Half a mile from the battle-field is the huge flat boulder, a relic of the ice age, where the Duke of Cumberland stood to witness the battle.

Inverness, the headquarters of the clans, suffered most severely from the defeat. The poet Burns, who visited Culloden Moor in 1787, put into verse the lament of not one lass, but many:

"The lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e—

"'Drummossie muir, Drummossie day!
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay—
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrong to them or thee.'"

Prince Charlie escaped and fled to the western Highlands with a price of thirty thousand pounds upon his head. The country was patrolled both by land and sea by the militia, and for five months the hunted man was passed from place to place, even as far as the Outer Isles, always in the care of devoted clansmen. Poor as some of them were, there was not one poor enough to betray their idolized Prince

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT GLEN

NO matter how disagreeably early the morning hour, nor how wet and uncomfortable the day, the traveller who sets forth from Inverness to steam through the Caledonian Canal, is filled with cheerful anticipation. The exhilarating quality of the air, which prevents even Scotland's rain from dampening enthusiasm, may have something to do with it, or it may be that the atmosphere is charged with the promise of views of historic ground, of lovely scenery, and of storied castles. A last gray glimpse of Inverness shows in the foreground the green, rounded hill of Tomnahurich, the city of the dead. The "boat-shaped hill," for that is the meaning of the name, is covered with trees, among which gleam white tombstones. A tradition says that the body of Thomas the Rhymer lies under Tomnahurich which enchantment raised over him as a monument.

From the very beginning the sail upon the canal is full of delight. The steamer glides peacefully between banks which rise into hills, green and wooded, on one side, and stretch away to rich meadows on the other. The Great Glen, whose course the canal follows, is said to be a fault or fracture on the earth's surface, deepened by serving as the path of a glacier. It extends southwest from the Moray Firth in a chain of lochs which, a little over a century ago, were connected by a series of canals which make twenty-two miles of the sixty covered by the route. The lochs, of course, cover the remaining thirty-eight miles.

With the entrance to narrow Loch Ness, the "Loch of the Cataract," the view between the abrupt banks down its length of twenty-four miles, recalls the view from the head of a Norwegian fiord. The lower slopes of the surrounding mountains and hills are richly wooded, and on an August day the heather makes a purple carpet above the forest. On a rocky promontory rises a grand old ruin which can be examined on all sides as the steamer slowly rounds the point on which it stands. It is Castle Urquhart, and it commands the entrance to Glen Urquhart whose fine trees

URQUHART CASTLE, ON LOCH NESS.

stretch toward the west. As in the case of so many other Scottish castles the date of its foundation is not known. It is recorded, however, that it was seized by the English in 1297, and that they were able to hold it less than a year. In 1303, they captured it again and held it until driven out by Robert the Bruce. The castle met with many vicissitudes throughout the Middle Ages, and was finally blown up by King William's men, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Jacobites. Early in the sixteenth century, it came into the possession of the clan Grant, and it still belongs to the chief of that clan, the Earl of Seafield. A cheerful contrivance of the days of ultra-barbarous warfare is seen in a curious arrangement of the windows through which molten lead could be poured upon the heads of the enemy. John Bright, who is fond of this neighbourhood, has written the following suggestive quatrain:

"In Highland glens 'tis far too oft observed
That man is chased away and game preserved;
Glen Urquhart is to me a lovelier glen—
Here deer and grouse have not supplanted men."

Across the loch is the pass of Inverfarigaig through which Prince Charles came after the

battle of Culloden, undoubtedly blinded to its beauties by the misery of his defeat. He was entertained at a house in the pass by Lord Lovat, who was bitterly disappointed at the result of the battle, and highly indignant at the giving up of the attempt to re-establish the Stuarts.

A mile from Foyers Pier are the Falls of Foyers, about a quarter of a mile apart, the lower one ninety feet high. They were very beautiful before the Aluminum Works above reduced the volume of water; even now they are worth seeing after a heavy rain. Burns was inspired to a description of them in his lines, "written with a pencil while standing by the fall":

"Among the heathy hills and rugged woods
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid caldron boils."

In sailing down the loch, the round top of Mealfourvournie, rising on the west side, draws more and more to the foreground of the picture. Its name, which looks more formidable than it sounds, means "rounded hill of the cold moor." Just below the mountain is Invermoriston, at the entrance of Glenmoriston, one of the loveliest glens of the route. Not far from the foot of Mealfourvournie is a ravine which was the scene of the final act of a clan tragedy early in the seventeenth century. The Macdonells, who were at feud with the Mackenzies, crossed the hills to Beauly, east from Inverness, and finding the church of Cilles-Christ full of Mackenzies, set fire to it, and burned or killed all the worshippers. This was in retaliation for the killing by the Mackenzies of the son of the Macdonell chief. After the outrage was perpetrated by the Macdonells, those of the Mackenzies who were not in the holocaust gave chase to their foes, and, overtaking them, gave them such a thorough drubbing that the Macdonells fled for their lives. One of them, Alan MacRaonuill, missing the ford, made for a chasm through which the burn was foaming below. In his desperation he succeeded in clearing the yawning

opening, but the Mackenzie who followed him was not so fortunate. Just missing a foothold he managed to catch the branch of a birch-tree and hung suspended over the rocky depth. MacRaonuill, looking back, saw the perilous position of his pursuer, and, calmly returning, chopped off the branch, and watched his foe drop into the abyss below. These clan feuds were not pleasant affairs at their best, but the burning of the church was a savage deed even for those days, and it is not softened by the fact that the Macdonells' piper walked round the church composing a tune which is known to this day by the name of the church. A like story of a church burning is told in Skye, in connection with the feud between the Macleods and the Macdonalds.

After leaving Invermoriston the tower of the Benedictine Abbey at Fort Augustus, at the south end of the loch, becomes prominent. Fort Augustus is one of a chain of three forts built along the Great Glen, the other two being Fort William at the south end, and Fort George near Inverness. Fort George is still in use. They were built to keep the clans in order after the "Fifteen." About forty-five years ago Lord Lovat bought Fort Augustus,

which had been garrisoned up to the time of the Crimean War, and a few years later his heir presented the property and the adjoining land to the Benedictine Order of monks as a site for a monastery. The imposing buildings, in which a good part of the fort was incorporated, are of the Early English order of architecture.

At Fort Augustus the steamer goes through five locks, raising it fifty feet above the level of Loch Ness. During the three-quarters of an hour occupied by this process the passengers have an opportunity to go ashore for a ramble. When they return they may happen upon a scene not infrequent along the Canal. Perhaps a shepherd comes up with eight or ten sheep, which he wishes to bring on board. An intelligent sheep-dog will drive the flock toward the gangplank, but when they are within two or three feet of it, they are quite liable to take it into their sheepish heads suddenly to scatter in all directions. Immediately they are rounded up by the dog and driven back. This will happen several times, the dog always flashing around the sheep and collecting them in a twinkling. Finally the shepherd will catch the leader and force him,

resisting at every step, along the gangway. His progress, though unwilling, will produce an immediate illustration of the docile manner in which sheep follow a leader, for the other members of the little flock at once cease darting wildly about, fall into line and without even a signal of invitation, come down the passage into the ship as closely on the heels of their leader as they can follow. Those not wise in dogs may be surprised to learn that the active and talkative guardian of the flock is not a pure collie. Indeed, the wonderful sheep-dogs of the books are rarely full-blooded collies, for it is thought that the mongrel with some collie blood is more intelligent than the dog of purer breed.

Beyond Fort Augustus a stretch of canal leads to Loch Oich, which is at the summit of the route, and is the smallest loch of the Glen.

Near its head is Aberchalder, where, in 1745, Prince Charlie, in hopeful spirit, reviewed his army before starting south on his period of conquest. Loch Oich, less than four miles long and only about a quarter of a mile broad, is one of the most charming parts of the route. Pretty little wooded islets and heavily wooded shores, with a considerable elevation on the

west bank, enrich the scenery. There are many kinds of trees, but the larches and the silver birches are the most graceful and the most delicate in colour. Half way down the Loch, on the west bank, is the grey ruin of Invergarry Castle, once the home of the chief of the Macdonnells, the Glengarry Macdonell. Here Prince Charles was entertained in '45 when his fortunes were prospering, and here, after Culloden, he stopped to spend the night. He found the castle deserted, and a few days later it was burned by the Duke of Cumberland.

At the lower end of the loch is a curious monument commemorating another murderous act of the Middle Ages. The monument at its apex shows seven human heads and stands near a spring which is called Tobar-nan-Ceann, "The well of the heads." The story is that Keppoch sent his two sons to France to be educated, and died while they were away. When they returned, the seven kinsmen who had been left in charge of the estate murdered the heirs, and divided the property among themselves. The summary vengeance visited on the murderers by The Macdonell is recorded on the monument in Gaelic, English, French, and Latin:

AS A MEMORIAL
OF THE AMPLE AND SUMMARY
VENGEANCE
WHICH, IN THE SWIFT COURSE OF
FEUDAL JUSTICE,
INFLICTED BY THE ORDERS OF
THE LORD M'DONELL AND AROSS,
OVERTOOK THE PERPETRATORS OF
THE FOUL MURDER
OF
THE KEPPOCH FAMILY,
A BRANCH OF
THE POWERFUL AND ILLUSTRIOUS
CLAN
OF WHICH HIS LORDSHIP WAS
THE CHIEF,
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY
COLONEL M'DONELL OF GLENGARRY,
XVII. MAC-MHIC-ALAISTER,
HIS SUCCESSOR AND REPRESENTATIVE
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,
1812.
THE HEADS OF THE SEVEN MURDERERS
WERE PRESENTED AT THE FEET OF
THE NOBLE CHIEF
IN GLENGARRY CASTLE,
AFTER HAVING BEEN WASHED
IN THIS SPRING;
AND EVER SINCE THAT EVENT,
WHICH TOOK PLACE EARLY IN
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,
IT HAS BEEN KNOWN BY
THE NAME OF
"TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,"
OR
"THE WELL OF THE HEADS."

For a little distance between Loch Oich and Loch Lochy, the canal runs through an avenue of soft pines, sometimes called Laggan Avenue. At Kinloch-lochy, near the north end of the loch, took place a battle between the Frasers and the Macdonalds, called "Blar na Leine," "The Battle of the Shirts," because both the heat of the day as well as of the fray caused the clansmen to throw aside their jackets, and to continue the desperate battle in their undergarments.

The banks of Loch Lochy are treeless and mountainous, entirely different in character from the part of the canal already passed over. Here is the land of the Camerons, one of the most powerful of the Highland clans. West of the lower end of the loch is the glen, which merits many adjectives—beautiful and romantic and picturesque—in which lies Loch Arkaig. Back from the loch are the ruins of the castle, Achnacarry, seat of the chief of clan Cameron. When word was brought of the approach of Prince Charlie, Lochiel, who was one of the noblest chiefs of his times and a staunch Jacobite, was superintending the planting of an avenue of beech-trees leading up to the castle. He immediately suspended operations

and directed his men to dig a trench and to bank up the trees in it, saying that they would go on with the work when they returned. Lochiel never returned. He was exiled, and died of a broken heart three years after the "Forty-Five." The beeches, which have never been moved, have grown into lofty trees, but they are so close together as to excite question until the story is told.

Near the ivy-covered ruins of the old castle, of which the Duke of Cumberland made a burnt offering, stands the modern castle, seat of Lochiel, the present chief of the clan. The title of duke was recently offered to him, but evidently he preferred to be known by the name borne for many centuries by his ancestors, for he did not accept the honour.

Near Achnacarry is a road called "The Dark Mile" where it runs through Glen Arkaig. The avenue of trees is so thickly laced overhead as to give the path beneath the dim light of a cathedral. Glen Arkaig was another of Prince Charlie's hiding-places when he was making his way toward Skye whence he hoped to escape to France.

As the boat glides into Banavie it seems to be under the very shadow of Ben Nevis. The

snow lies deep in the old Ben's crevasses, through the whole year. At Banavie is another set of locks, known as "Neptune's Staircase," through which the steamer descends to sea-level once more and goes on for two miles to Fort William. Most passengers elect to save time by leaving the boat at Banavie and taking the train to Fort William. The train passes the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, which overlooks the plain on which took place the battle between the Marquis of Argyle and the Marquis of Montrose, described in Scott's "The Legend of Montrose."

Fort William has little attraction in itself, but, like many other places in Scotland, it is a capital base for excursions. Lying at the head of Loch Linnhe, and at the foot of the Great Glen, with a line of railroad running to interesting places both east and west, it becomes a natural junction for the summer traveller more than once during the season. Sometimes his plans are overset like those of a recent party of ladies who had read of a delightful coaching tour from Tulloch to Kingussie. At the end of the Caledonian Canal journey, they changed trains at Fort William, and went on to Tulloch, where they arrived at

about five o'clock in the afternoon. The road skirts the north side of Ben Nevis, and, after Spean Bridge, runs beside the picturesque river Spean, dashing along between walls of rock. At Tulloch station, with the train drawing away beyond hope of rescue, they approached the cheerful-looking station-master and asked him to direct them to a hotel. "There is no hotel." "There *must* be!" There was insistence in the tone, for even the most pleasing prospect falls short of satisfying the vile inner man at this hour of the day. "Doesn't the coach leave here every morning at seven o'clock for Kingussie?" It appeared that the seven o'clock coach was as non-existent as the hotel, time-tables notwithstanding, and also that the next train back to Roy Bridge, where there was a good hotel, did not pass till nine o'clock. The cheerful station-master saved the situation by a somewhat enforced direction to the only house visible, a pretty, flower-set stone cottage on a hill near the station. The fresh-faced woman who came to the door, and who turned out to be the station-master's wife, at first thought she could not receive any newcomers because of the presence of an English lady, who, she was sure, would not wish her to take

any other guests. She admitted, however, that the Englishwoman had not engaged the whole house, and finally yielded to a persistent plea for hospitality, which, once given, proved to be as whole-hearted as it had been reluctant. The cottage's furnishing of books was one suggestive betrayal of the minds of its occupants, and of their need of companionship during the long, hard winters. The collection included a catholic variety ranging from science through philosophy and religion to American fiction.

From the glen road the sunset behind the western mountains was glorious to see. Its golden light poured into the valley, touching the soft, luxuriant foliage of the trees growing along the river banks, and turning to royal purple the heather-covered moorland which stretched away to hill and mountain tops. During that summer the whole country had been covered with the richest mantle of heather that it had worn for years, but the exquisitely soft yet intense purple touched with gold and pink, and changing on near approach to loveliest shades of lavender and heliotrope, which covered these moorland slopes, surpassed any other heather in Scotland. O, the joy of going into the midst of it, wading through waves

of superb colour! It must be confessed, though, that walking on a moor is not so easy as reading about it! Sometimes the seeker is rewarded by finding a sprig of white heather, which is supposed to confer on the finder and on any one with whom he shares it even better fortune than that which accompanies the four-leaved clover. However that may be, the white heather is a much harder plant to find.

In the deliciously pure, crisp air a drive through the wild beauties and the brilliant solitude of Glen Spean, with its rising purple moorland and its magnificent mountain views, is a journey of enchantment. Even more satisfying would be the drive in the reverse direction with the heights as its climax.

At Loch Laggan, the road for seven miles follows the shore of the lake, and gives glimpses of forest and mountain across the water from beneath graceful, overhanging trees. Here was a royal hunting-ground in olden times, and the mountain beyond Laggan Hotel is a resort much prized by anglers. A more delightful and restful place in which to spend a holiday it would be hard to find.

From the head of the loch, with its outstanding views of the western mountains, the road

winds along the gentle valley of the Pattock through an avenue of unusually tall and stately birches, with now a glimpse of open moorland seen beyond the slender stems, and now a forest thicket; there a gleaming waterfall in the distance, and here a burn babbling under the horses' feet. Beyond the tiny stone houses of Laggan Bridge is Cluny Castle, the home of the chief of the Macphersons. The castle treasures many precious relics, none more sacred than the letter from Prince Charlie inviting The Macpherson to join his standard. The building occupies the site of an older one which was burned after the "Forty-five," but its traditional customs were not destroyed in the flames. Among them is the maintenance of a piper. The present incumbent of this post is a thick-set, fine-looking Highlander who walks with the dignified swing which belongs to the wearer of the kilt. This is the man who must be sent by The Macpherson to play a pibroch at the funeral of any descendant of the faithful henchman who took food to Cluny Macpherson of the "Forty-Five" while he was concealed in a cave on the side of Craig Dhu, a mountain which towers above the road on the north side not far from Kingussie.

CHAPTER XV

IN ORCADIA

THE Orkney Islands! How far away and indefinite they sound! Yet every one familiar with Scottish history knows what a thorn in the side of Scotland were the old Norse sea-rovers who occupied and ruled the islands for nearly three centuries; how they circled down in their ships and harried the inhabitants of the mainland and frequently seized large tracts of land which they occupied till they were driven out by some energetic king of the Scots; and how they would not stay out! As soon as the attention of Scotland was centred elsewhere the Norsemen were back at their old trade of plundering and pillaging. Then, when their depredations had gone too far, and their increasing power became a menace, once more the Scottish soldiers would be led against them, forcing them to withdraw again to their islands. Little wonder that the people of northern Scotland lived

in constant fear of their island neighbors! Lovers of Sir Walter Scott have read in "The Pirate" his vivid description of scenes in the Orkneys.

This is all fascinating enough, but when one finds in some book of travel that from a distance the Orkneys present "the appearance of enormous low molehills" the observation is not calculated to rouse enthusiasm. Neither is the information acquired about the Pentland Firth. The crossing takes between three and four hours, and though the firth is only eight miles wide at its narrowest part, the passage, which is somewhat longer, is sometimes rougher than an Atlantic voyage. According to the guide-book "There is always a swell on the Pentland Firth, and sometimes the current is running so fiercely that it can be seen as an oily, rolling river on the rougher surface of the sea." A historic instance of the power of these waters is recorded in connection with Hakon, King of Norway. He was returning from Largs with the remnant of his fleet when one of his ships was caught in the Swelkie, a dangerous whirlpool near the island of Stroma, and went down with all on board.

The northbound train from Inverness skirts

the sparkling waters of the German Ocean, passing Dunrobin Castle, the northern seat of the Duke of Sutherland, running along the shores of lovely inland lochs and over heathery moorlands, and reaching at length Thurso, the most northerly town in Scotland. At Scrabster, the port of Thurso, the little St. Olaf, the Royal Mail Steamer, runs daily to Kirkwall and Stromness on the island called Pomona, or the Mainland of the Orkneys. She seems an amazingly small vessel to brave the current of the Pentland Firth.

Sailing out of Thurso Bay, the Old Man of Hoy, a huge sandstone column on the island of Hoy about twenty miles distant, stands out, clear and distinct in the bright sunlight. When the Firth is "like a summer sea," as may happen in August, nothing can be finer than the view of the Orcadian shores on the north, and of the coast of Caithness, terminating in the bold promontory called Dunnet Head, on the south. On account of the tide the St. Olaf sometimes sails east toward Stroma before heading north among the islands. As the sun goes down, the little steamer slows and stops off the low shore of South Ronaldsay, and waits for a large boat which rows alongside

Dunnet Head, most Northerly Point in Scotland.

and takes off passengers for St. Margaret's Hope, a village on the island. The rolling outlines of large and small islands rise mysteriously in the bright northern twilight, and as travellers step ashore at Scapa Pier on Mainland, they are glad in their hearts that they have come. So long is the summer day in this region, that even after a drive of two miles across the isthmus to Kirkwall it is still light enough to see the great red cathedral towering above the grey houses grouped around the head of Kirkwall Bay.

The early history of the Orkneys is wrapped in obscurity, but that they were inhabited before the Roman invasion, is evidenced by the antiquity of the remains which have been found there. Tacitus mentions the group in the "Agricola," and it was the Romans who first called them the "Orcades," a name which may have been taken from Cape Orcas, now Dunnet Head. Scattered throughout the islands are many prehistoric towers, mounds, earth-houses, and stone circles ascribed to the Picts. But the chief claim of the Orkney groups to a romantically historic interest, is that they were the scene of many Viking exploits, and were for about three centuries ruled by Norwegian

Jarls. The Northmen who first came to the Orkneys used the islands as a base from which to harry the inhabitants not only of Britain and Ireland, but also of their own country. When Harold the Fair-haired united all the petty kingdoms of Norway under his rule, he also took possession of the Orkneys, where he established Sigurd with the title, Jarl, or Earl, of Orkney, Shetland, and Caithness. Exciting tales of the prowess and adventures of the jarls and chief men of the Orkneys have come down to us in that part of the sagas called the Orkneyinga Saga—stories of Harold's conquest of Orkney, of the conversion of the Orcadians to Christianity, of the murder of the good Earl Magnus on the Island of Egilsay, of the raids of Sweyn Asleifson, "the last of the Vikings," of the founding of the Cathedral of St. Magnus, of the pilgrimage of Earl Rognvald to Jerusalem.

These were stirring days, but the semi-independence of the islands came to an end when, on the marriage of Margaret of Norway to Prince James of Scotland, afterward James III, the King of Norway pledged the Orkney and Shetland Islands as his daughter's dowry. For some centuries after this the

Orcadians suffered from the cruelty and oppression of the tyrannical and extortionate earls and bishops who were given power over them. Even the Udallers, the peasant nobles to whose ancestors Harold gave full and free possession of certain lands, were crushed by the heavy burden of taxation imposed on them.[1] This condition of affairs lasted all through the Scottish rule, and for some time after the union. At length the land was apportioned out in farms, new methods of agriculture were introduced, and an era of peaceful living began for the Orcadians. In fact the atmosphere of peace which now pervades the islands is so marked that it is hard to believe that they were ever the scene of bloody conflicts.

Of the fifty-six islands of the Orkneys, only twenty-nine are inhabited. Except for the heights on Hoy and some cliffs on the west

[1] The udal system has been described as "the direct negation of every feudal principle." "The udaller held his land without any written title, subject to no service or payment to a superior, and with full possession and every conceivable right of ownership. The udaller was a peasant noble; he was the king's equal and not his vassal. He owed king or jarl no services, duties, or payment for his udal lands, which he held as an absolute possession, inalienable from him and his race."

coast of Mainland, the islands present only gently rolling outlines which are unbroken by tree or shrub. On Mainland or Pomona, are Kirkwall, the capital, and Stromness, the only two towns in the group. Agriculture is the principal occupation, some of the islands, as South Ronaldsay and Sanday, being wholly given up to it. Herring fishing is, however, the chief industry. The inhabitants naturally show traces of their Norse ancestry, some of them even speaking with a Norse accent. The termination "ay" or "ey" of the names of most of the islands is from the Norse "ey," signifying an island.

Kirkwall is a sleepy old place on the north side of the isthmus which divides Mainland into two unequal parts. On the main street, which is a mile long and in places so narrow that carriages have difficulty in passing each other, is the stately old Cathedral of St. Magnus, which has stood there for nearly eight centuries. It is of red sandstone, and makes a pleasing bit of colour in the centre of the grey town. Many of the houses are of the step-gable sort, and a few of them date back to the fifteenth century.

The cathedral was erected by Earl Rognvald

the Second in memory of his murdered uncle and as a thank-offering after he had secured his own succession in the islands. The earliest part is in the Norman style, the later additions, Early English. During the Reformation the cathedral, like all the other beautiful churchly edifices of Scotland, was "purified," a process that consisted in destroying all the fine carvings and stained glass and old tombs; and in fact, as one Orcadian describes it, "everything that the austere taste of Heaven is supposed to dislike." The reformers covered the building with a yellowish wash which time has mellowed until it offends less than might be supposed. The arched doorways of the west front, the long, dim aisles, the massive piers supporting the Norman arches, and the east window are all impressive with a solemn dignity. The three fine bells, only one of which has had to be recast, were presented by Bishop Robert Maxwell in 1525.

All that remains of the Bishop's Palace, is a massive tower or bastion near the cathedral. It was to this palace that King Hakon of Norway came after the disastrous battle of Largs, and here, after an illness of two months, he died—it is said, of a broken heart.

Among the spreading trees of a small park near the cathedral stands the beautiful ruin of the Earl's Palace, begun by Robert Stuart, a natural brother of Queen Mary. It was finished by Robert Stuart's infamous son, who paid with his life the penalty of his tyranny over the Orcadians. His oppression and ingenious cruelty won for him the name of Black Pat, a name which still lives in the tradition of the islands.

Scott in laying one of the scenes of "The Pirate" in the great hall of this palace describes it:

"The Earl's Palace forms three sides of an oblong square, and has, even its ruins, the air of an elegant yet massive structure, uniting as was usual in the residence of feudal princes, the character of a palace and a castle. A great banqueting hall, communicating with several large rounds, or projecting turret-rooms, and having at either end an immense chimney, testifies the ancient northern hospitality of the earls of Orkney, and communicates, almost in the modern fashion, with a gallery or withdrawing-room, of corresponding dimensions, and, having, like the hall, its projecting turrets. The lordly hall itself is lighted by a fine Gothic window of shafted stone at one end, and is entered by a spacious and elegant staircase, consisting

of three flights of stone steps. The exterior ornaments and proportions of the ancient building are also very handsome, but, being totally unprotected, this remnant of the pomp and grandeur of the earls, who assumed the licence as well as the dignity of petty sovereigns, is now fast crumbling to decay, and has suffered considerably since the date of our story."

The government now looks after the buildings and protects them as far as possible from further destruction.

For a trip to investigate the surroundings of Kirkwall, the hotel will furnish a wagonette drawn by a sedate little horse misnamed Ginger. The road toward the west goes around the base of Wideford Hill from the top of which there is a beautiful and extensive view of the whole Orcadian archipelago. On a fine day one has a glimpse of the Fair Isle at the north, and the Sutherland Mountains in the south. For a little distance the road skirts the tranquil waters of the Bay of Firth, in which are two small islands, one of them the island of Damnay or St. Adamnan's Isle, once the site of a Culdee monastery. After passing through the attractive looking village of Finstown, the road turns inland, and soon reaches Maeshowe, a large mound covered

with grass and heather, which stands back a short distance from the road. The custodian, a rather stern and conscientious old Orcadian, directs the traveller through a wicket-gate, and follows with the key. The door at one side of the tomb opens into a long, low, damp passage, which must be explored taper in hand and with bowed head, and which enters a rock chamber about fifteen feet square. On three sides are small stone cells, probably used for burials, as in front of each opening is a large stone which evidently was used to close it. By the light of candles may be seen the Runic inscriptions which were cut on the walls a thousand or more years ago. There are many hundreds of them, and they are as distinct as if they had been carved there yesterday. A quaint dragon is outlined in one spot and a cross in another. The age of the mound is not known, but it is supposed to have been built by the Picts, probably for a burial place. The inscriptions were made by the Norsemen. It seems wonderfully good to emerge from that damp, dark, mysterious past, into the light of a modern, peaceful day. Even under a somewhat clouded sky the grass and the heather look almost vivid in their

brightness and newness, and even Ginger seems comfortably alive.

The road continues monotonously between foreground stretches of yellow, stubbly fields, a mere line in the distance marking the water that serves as boundary for some islands looming hazily beyond. Here and there huge stone slabs rear themselves in dreary solitude, presaging the famous Standing Stones of Stenness which are visible from a great distance as they keep guard from their elevation over the two beautiful shining lochs of Harray and Stenness, so close together that they are separated only by a very narrow neck of land, the Bridge of Brogar, connecting two promontories. On the first point is the smaller group, which, composed of the larger stones, from twelve to fourteen feet high, is in the form of a half-circle around a cromlech or altar, and is said to have been dedicated to the moon. Apart from the circle formerly stood a large stone called the Stone of Odin. Through it was a circular hole, supposed to have been used for securing the victim for sacrifice. In a later age it became the custom for lovers to plight their troth at the Stone of Odin. They joined hands through the hole and made promises

which were most binding. Notwithstanding the sacredness of the ceremony, the couple could at will dissolve the vow by going to the church of Stenness. Says Dr. Henry: "They both came to the kirk of Steinhouse, and after entering the kirk, the one went out at the south, and the other at the north door, by which they were holden to be legally divorced, and free to make another choice." Many years ago the stone was destroyed.

Across the Bridge of Brogar on the other promontory, near which stands a single stone about sixteen feet in height, called the "sentinel stone," is the larger group, the Circle of Brogar. It consisted originally of some sixty stones, of which only twenty-seven remain and of these but seventeen are standing. They are on a circular platform nearly four hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by a wide trench or moat. The huge grey slabs, rough-hewn, without ornamentation except for the lichens which adorn them, with no mark to indicate their history, have stood there through centuries. They have been silent witnesses of stirring events that have taken place almost in their very shadow, as is testified by the numerous burial mounds which are scattered

Cromlech and Half Circle of Stones, Stenness.

about the promontory—mounds that mark many a scene of viking battle. The heavy clouds that often cover the sky above Stenness throw upon the stones a grey light well suited to their mystery. Their austere setting of burial-mounds, wind-swept promontory, and dull sky, is relieved by masses of rich purple heather which grow and blossom both within and without the circle. By some writers the placing of these stones has been ascribed to the Norsemen, but this must be an error, as such circles are found only where a Celtic race has lived.

In "The Pirate," which every Orkney traveller keeps in hand throughout his trip, Scott describes the ghostly circle:

"When Cleveland awoke, the grey dawn was already mingling with the twilight of an Orcadian night. He found himself on the verge of a beautiful sheet of water, which, close by the place where he had rested, was nearly divided by two tongues of land that approach each other from the opposite of the lake, and are in some degree united by the Bridge of Broisgar, a long causeway, containing openings to permit the flow and reflux of the tide. Behind him and fronting to the bridge, stood that remarkable semicircle of huge upright stones, which has no rival in Britain, except-

ing the inimitable monument at Stonehenge. These immense blocks of stone, all of them above twelve feet, and several being even fourteen or fifteen feet in height, stood around the pirate in the grey light of the dawning, like the phantom forms of antediluvian giants, who, shrouded in the habiliments of the dead, came to revisit by this pale light, the earth which they had plagued by their oppression and polluted by their sins, till they brought down upon it the vengeance of long-suffering Heaven."

The impression of might and mystery and gloom made by these stones never fails to be removed somewhat abruptly by the coachman's bit of twentieth century information, that the lochs are well stocked with trout and that the fishing is open to all. He also adds what doubtless stirs every fisherman, that "the largest trout ever seen" was caught in the Loch of Stenness. This same monster is shown, mounted, in the Stromness Hotel, and it looks as if it weighed the twenty-nine pounds that are claimed for it.

Though Stromness is of much more recent date than Kirkwall it is quaint and interesting. It lies on the southwest coast of Mainland at the foot of a steep hill on a beautiful, land-locked bay, the islands of Hoy and

Graemsay, near the entrance, serving to break the fury of the Atlantic. In olden times, Stromness was the port of call for many ships, such as those of the Hudson Bay Company, and whaling vessels. In 1780 Captain Cook's two ships, the "Discovery" and the "Resolution," lay here for two weeks after circling the globe, and this was the last British port visited by Sir John Franklin with his two ships, the "Erebus" and the "Terror," as he sailed away in search of the Northwest Passage. The town's claim to literary interest lies in the fact that it was the birthplace of Gow, the pirate who was the prototype of Scott's "Captain Clement Cleveland," the hero of "The Pirate," and of Stewart, on whom Byron modelled "Torquil" of "The Island." The original of "Norna of the Fitful Head" also lived in Stromness.

The one street of the town, narrow and flagged with stone, with wynds or alleys branching off on one side, runs for a little over a mile along the shore of the harbour. Its granite houses are of a softer grey than one often sees, and look very foreign with their crow-stepped gables. The rear portion of the houses on the harbour side stand in the water,

so that the inmates, if fond of fishing, can indulge in that pastime from the kitchen windows.

The little town has an excellent hotel, and also boasts a museum, where the gem of the collection is a fragment of the Asterolepis, a huge ganoid, found in the vicinity by Hugh Miller. The Orkneys are a treasure-ground for geologists, and "the neighbourhood of Stromness is rich in fossiliferous deposits, being in fact one palæozoic basin, the richest in Britain, from which icthyolites enough to supply all the antiquarian societies in the world can be obtained." On the west coast of Mainland is some fine cliff scenery. Here the Atlantic has hollowed caves in the solid rock, there it has left lofty columns of stone standing apart from the shore. The unexpected looms up in the northwest at Birsay in the extensive ruins of a great palace built by Robert Stuart in imitation of the palace at Holyrood. To find such signs of pomp and luxury on isolated parts of islands so remote from to-day's active life and so comparatively barren, never ceases to be astonishing even though one knows that in olden times they were the homes of courts.

Though one or two of the Orkneys have hills of some eight hundred feet, Hoy is the only island with any considerable elevation, the Ward Hill having an altitude of fifteen hundred and sixty-four feet. Hoy has the finest cliff scenery in Britain, some of its precipices being eleven hundred feet in height. The most westerly point of the island is Roray Cliff, a little apart from which stands the Old Man of Hoy, a wave-worn column of rock four hundred and fifty feet high. It has stood there for centuries, and is a well-known landmark of the mariners, but as it receives the full force of the Atlantic, it will doubtless in time succumb to the waves. From the Ward Hill on a clear day is a magnificent view of the whole Orkney group, and, across the shining Pentland Firth, the distant shore of Caithness.

Southeast from the Ward Hill, is the famous Dwarfie Stone of Hoy, of which Hugh Miller has given a careful description in his "Rambles of a Geologist," and Scott one of more human—or superhuman—interest in "The Pirate":

"I was chiefly fond to linger about the Dwarfie Stone, as it is called, a relic of antiquity, which

strangers look on with curiosity, and the natives with awe. It is a huge fragment of a rock, which lies in a broken and rude valley, full of stones and precipices, in the recesses of the Ward Hill of Hoy. The inside of the rock has two couches, hewn by no earthly hand, and having a small passage between them. The doorway is now open to the weather; but beside it lies a large stone, which, adapted to grooves still visible in the entrance, once had served to open and to close this extraordinary dwelling, which Trolld, a dwarf famous in the northern sagas, is said to have framed for his own favourite residence. The lonely shepherd avoids the place, for at sunrise, high noon, or sunset, the misshapen form of the necromantic owner may sometimes still be seen sitting by the Dwarfie Stone. . . .

"Often, when watching by the Dwarfie Stone, with mine eyes fixed on the Ward Hill, which rises above that gloomy valley, I have distinguished, among the dark rocks, that wonderful carbuncle, which gleams ruddy as a furnace to them who view it from beneath, but has ever become invisible to him whose daring foot has scaled the precipices from which it darts its splendour."

This effect is thought to have been produced by the sun's rays striking at a certain angle the face of a water-washed rock.

One of the most satisfactory methods of seeing the Orkney group is to take a cruise

among the islands in a motor-boat. On an August day, as rare as a day in June, a party of us, Americans and English, embarked in a comfortable motor-boat manned by an old Orcadian pilot and an engineer, and glided out from Kirkwall Pier, threading our way among numerous fishing craft, and past thirteen British war vessels anchored in Kirkwall Bay, into the more open spaces among the islands. Most picturesque was the scene, the water sparkling in the sunshine and ruffled by a gentle breeze, the islands cropping up first on one hand, then on another, with now and then crofters' cottages visible on their yellow slopes looking as if they were a part of the land on which they stood. On the right was the low fertile island of Shapinsay, on which stood out in bold relief Balfour Castle, a fine building of the mid-nineteenth century. To the north was the small island of Gairsay, once the home of the old sea-rover, Sweyn Asleifson of the Orkneyinga Saga. Then came Viera, the green island topped by twelfth century ruins, and just beyond it Rousay, except for Hoy the highest of the northern isles.

Passing up Rousay Sound the boat stopped

at a long, rough stone pier on Egilsay, whence hundreds of gulls circled away as we stepped ashore. For some time the tall tower of a building on the summit of the island had stood clear against the sky. It was the Church of St. Magnus, whose impressiveness makes the American traveller feel as if he had crossed the ocean for the sole purpose of seeing it, and nothing else! The brilliantly shining sun was all that redeemed the small group of squalid cottages around the landing from looking desolate indeed, and, as it was, they gave no suggestion of possible comfort within. At the top of a gentle slope, covered with stubble and dotted with wild flowers, rises the old church of which only the walls and tower remain, another rude monument of olden days. Nothing is known definitely about the origin of the building, and antiquarians differ about its age. Its round tower, which, even in ruins is forty-five feet high, is similar to those of Irish churches built in the seventh and eighth centuries, making it not impossible that this church was built as early as the ninth. Most authorities agree that it could not be of later date than the eleventh. The Orkneyinga Saga bears its

Church of St. Magnus, Egilsay, Orkney Islands.

testimony when it relates that Earl Hakon, going to Egil's Isle to meet his cousin Earl Magnus with the object of killing him, first searched for his victim in the church. The assassination, according to the chronicle, took place in 1115, and since there is no record of a later church, this is probably the one mentioned in the tale. In contrast to this murderous reminiscence were the peaceful activities of two of the twentieth century islanders gathering in their scanty crop of hay within the shadow of the walls which gave their name (*ecclesia*) to the island (Egilshay).

Gliding still northward, the Atlantic on the west, the boat passed through a narrow strait with the fertile and well-cultivated island of Eday on the east, and Westray on the west. It was on Eday that Gow, the pirate, was captured in 1723. Various kinds of sea birds inhabit all the islands, but on the rocky shores of Westray there are thousands of cormorants, rock-pigeons, kittiwakes, and guillemots. In some places they were congregated in such numbers at the base of the cliffs that the rocks seemed to bristle with long necks. Eday terminates in the north in a bold red sandstone promontory called Red Head, but the coast

of Westray has cliffs of a dark grey stone, in some places almost black. With open water ahead it seemed as if there were nothing between us and the North Pole as we sailed along the rugged north coast of Westray to the village of Pierowall. This town lies at the head of a broad bay of the same name. It might have been a city of the dead, except for the flash of gleaming white bodies of some village boys diving from the pier in the warm afternoon sunshine. The attraction of Pierowall lies in the ancient ruin of Noltland Castle, which stands on a gentle slope half a mile from the shore. It is a fortresslike mass which looks as if it were built almost wholly for defence. The main body of the castle is standing, a courtyard at one side, and though it is roofless, the floors of the second and third stories remain. The great hall and kitchen which occupy the ground floor are massive and severe, but the second floor shows a slight attempt at ornamentation, with deeply embrasured windows and doorways with some adornment. The steps of the great winding staircase are made of single great slabs of stone of which enough remain to make the ascent seem a somewhat perilous undertaking. There

is a bit of ornamentation on the massive newel-post, three feet in diameter. The interest that attaches to this castle and that somewhat softens its rugged character, is its connection with Mary, Queen of Scots, to whose Master of the Household, Sir Gilbert Balfour, it belonged. Sir Gilbert was ordered to prepare the stronghold for the reception of Queen Mary after her escape from Loch Leven Castle. What changes there might have been in history if Mary had gone to the Orkneys instead of intrusting herself to the tender mercies of Queen Elizabeth after the battle of Langside! It is difficult to imagine the pleasure-loving queen spending even a short time in that stern refuge on a barren island at the north of the world, with only a view of the broad ocean beyond. In the bright sunshine, it is not an uncheerful spot, but it has little to commend it for long periods of cloud and storm.

On the way back to the boat a sign on the side of a primitive-looking cottage proclaimed the Westray Golf Club, but it was the only sign of the club that was visible, though the rolling character of most of the islands would make them eminently suitable for golf.

Warned by the westering sun we reluct-

antly hurried past an attractive little hotel without stopping for the refreshing afternoon tea which is rarely omitted from the day's programme in the British Isles, and embarked once more with the white-haired Orcadian pilot. In the evening calm he gave the wheel into the hands of the engineer and came back to sit with his passengers, always, however, with an experienced eye on the course of the boat. Some one spoke of the perfection of the day, whose beauty was growing with the increasing hours.

"Yes," he replied, "it is a chosen day!"

His strong face and straight figure gave no indication of the eighty Orcadian summers through which he had thriven. He had spent many years on whaling expeditions, but now he was glad of the less dangerous occupation of navigating a motor-boat. While he talked he glanced frequently at the engineer, and finally, remarking that the latter was a good engineer but no pilot, resumed his place at the wheel.

What seemed to be a flock of ducks on the lee side of a small island proved, on nearer view, to be a herd of seals sporting in the water and lying on the rocky shore. They

gave life to a picture that was growing ever more beautiful with the going down of the sun. Great banks of cloud in the north were touched with pink, while the western opening between two islands turned first to amethyst and then to orange and then to a soft crimson, changing the water to a sea of gold and then to a sea of fire. The crimson spread over the whole western heaven and sent a glowing reflection over the islands. Against the western sky stood out the rounded outline of Rousay, and the tower of the Church of St. Magnus on Egilsay loomed in the distance, an impressive witness to the patience that builded strong that the centuries might know the work. The beauty of the sunset lasted for nearly an hour, its vivid colours growing soft and softer and finally fading into an exquisite dusk.

With the falling twilight now and again a light on some shore gleamed across the water, appearing and disappearing at regular intervals from the novel lighthouses peculiar to the Orkneys. But one beauty was lacking to complete the charm of the scene, and almost with the thought the one beauty was added. The great disk of the moon came up from behind

an island, enormous in size and smoky in aspect, but, as it climbed the heavens, growing smaller and brighter, and giving the last touch of delight to what was indeed a "chosen day." The electric lights of the battle-ships streamed across the water to meet us as we entered Kirkwall Bay, and we stepped ashore feeling that we were returning to the world from a far-off age and place.

The day appointed for return to the Scottish mainland dawned with a driving rain. Early in the morning a steamer came up to the pier which extended from the front of the hotel, and began to discharge its passengers. They were all women, clad in dark greys and browns with shawls over their heads and shoulders and baskets on their arms. They did not seem to mind the rain in the least, and walked along in groups laughing and talking animatedly. There were three hundred of them on their way home after the season's work in Shetland, where they had been packing fish. During the season these girls go from port to port, salting and packing the catches. It is a rough life with apparently no refining influences. A large number of them filled the steerage of the little St. Olaf, whose

wonderful rolling during the storm that accompanied us all the way across the Firth completely subdued them.

The "wind-swept Orkneys" has become a by-word, but it is possible to be favoured with gentle breezes, and the summer air of the islands is delightfully soft and invigorating and deliciously pure, like that of Norway.

CHAPTER XVI

LOCH MAREE

THE gate of Inverness opens upon many beauties — none lovelier than Loch Maree in the northwest Highlands. The journey is a combination of rail, coach, and steamer. Even railway travel in Scotland is delightful, for there is always so much variety and often grandeur in the scenery that a journey in the train never becomes monotonous. At first the arrow points due west, and the train skirts the shore of Beauly Firth, which is the inner portion of the Moray Firth. At the end of the firth is the quiet village of Beauly, near which stands Beaufort Castle, the seat of the chief of Clan Fraser. It is a huge modern building on the site of the ancient stronghold. Here are the ruins of a priory, said to have been visited by Mary, Queen of Scots when she made her northern tour and named the village "Beau-Lieu." The church of Cillie-Christ, where the Mac-

Sheep-dogs driving a Flock through Dingwall.

kenzies were burned, was at Beauly. At Dingwall, on the Cromarty Firth, a branch line runs to Achnasheen. Dingwall is the county town of Ross-shire, and is a placid little place, but very old, as its name signifies. The Norsemen who sometimes seized all the country north of Dingwall, used to hold their things or assemblies here. A little northeast of Dingwall on the Dornoch Firth, is Skibo Castle, the country-seat of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

Ben Wyvis, "Mountain of Storms," rises on the right as the traveller draws toward Achnasheen, where the coach is waiting. For some miles the drive is along a level road following the shore of a mild loch above which hills and mountains rise in every direction. It was in this region that I saw a crofter standing beside his cottage directing a pair of sheep-dogs who were driving two young bulls to join a herd of cattle in a distant field. The path the bulls had to follow was narrow and winding, over boggy moorland, and across two or three bridges. They did not seem to enjoy being guided by the collies, and frequently made wild dashes in other directions, only to be promptly "rounded up" and started

along their own path again. The country was quite open for some distance just here, and their movements could be seen for a long time. The dogs were so far away that their master directed them with gestures and by whistling, and it was wonderful to see them obey the slightest motion of his hand.

The road ascends, and from the top of the water-shed where begins the descent of the steep slope on the other side, it is possible to see through the length of Glen Docherty, some five or six miles and through the whole shining length of mountain-bordered Loch Maree. It is a wild scene—the barren glen enclosed by rugged mountain-slopes—but the beautiful loch with its mountain headlands, washed by the gleaming waters and constantly drawing nearer, is a vision never to be forgotten.

At the foot of the glen is Kinlochewe, which, meaning "Head of Loch Ewe," lends strength to the belief that at some time the salt water Loch Ewe, may have extended inland to this place. This might well have been, as Loch Ewe is only a mile and a half beyond Loch Maree, with its basin lying in the same general

direction, thus making a "Great Glen" in miniature.

The last bit of the drive is through graceful woods of fir, larch, and birch, a marked contrast to the verdureless glen just passed. The coach continues the journey to Gairloch along the south shore of Loch Maree, but a better idea of the loch is gained by boarding the "Mabel," tiniest of steamers, which, with a few stops along the way, plies to the other end of the loch. To the north rises massive Ben Slioch, no green covering his precipitous slopes of yellow quartz. Beyond Ben Slioch, whose rounded summit rises higher than Ben Venue or Ben Lomond, is a vast deer forest on the northern slopes.

On the south is a sea of mountain summits, not very lofty, to be sure, but of such varied form and outline that it is fascinating to watch them in their seemingly constant changes. At about the middle of the loch's length of twelve and a half miles the waters widen and make a great sweep on the south shore. There is a forest at this point where is the hotel at which Queen Victoria once made a visit. In this great basin are twenty-four islands. The loch is said to derive its name

from a Saint Maelrubba, who seems to be little known, and again from Saint Maree who came from Iona and founded a monastery on one of these islands. As the remains of a monastery are on Isle Maree the saint from Iona seems to have the stronger claim.

Near the monastery was a well, the waters of which were supposed to have power to cure the insane, and in former times the trees around the well were hung with votive rags in quite pagan fashion. Our poet Whittier wrote a poem on "The Well of Loch Maree:"

"Calm on the breast of Loch Maree
A little isle reposes;
A shadow woven of the oak
And willow o'er it closes.

"Within, a Druid's mound is seen,
Set round with stony warders;
A fountain, gushing through the turf,
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

"And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,
Feels once again his healthful thought
And sense of peace returning.

"O restless heart and fevered brain,
Unquiet and unstable,

That holy well of Loch Maree
Is more than idle fable!

"Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth!

"The shadows of a humbled will
And contrite heart are o'er it;
Go read its legend—'Trust in God'—
On Faith's white stones before it."

Near the chapel or monastery ruin is a little burying-ground in which are the tombstones of a Danish prince and princess of whom a romantic tale is told, resembling the story of the return of Theseus after he had slain the Minotaur. The prince went away on some expedition, and according to their agreement, the princess, who lived in the vicinity, was to meet her lover on his return on board her pleasure boat in Loch Maree. If all was well with her the boat was to fly a white flag. To his horror the prince, on coming in sight of the boat saw over it a black flag which had been hung there by the order of the lady, who either considered it a jest or wished to try its effect on her betrothed. To her sorrow she

found that the result was almost the same as that which followed the forgetfulness of Theseus. But instead of falling into the sea, as did poor old King Ægeus, the despairing lover, supposing that his lady was dead, immediately plunged a dagger into his heart. The princess, shocked by the result of the experiment, did not survive the anguish of her loss, and the lovers were buried in the monastery graveyard. It would be interesting to trace some of these old tales back to their beginnings. However improbable they may sound, there is truth in the saying about the facts of life being stranger than those of fiction.

The loch is calm in this wide part where the islands float, but the northern end narrows between the mountains and becomes wilder. At Tollie, the landing-place, the shore is thickly wooded with exquisitely delicate silver birches. The views at this end of the lake are of surpassing beauty, and when the coach is driving toward Gairloch, before the road turns toward the west, the views back over Loch Maree are amply worth turning about to see. It is only about a mile and a half from Tollie to Poolewe on Loch Ewe, but the road to

Loch Maree, Northwest Highlands of Scotland.

Gairloch turns off to the right, climbs to a mountain moorland, passes little wild Loch Tollie, and reaches the summit of a rocky plateau, whose greyness is relieved by the heather which grows wherever it can gain roothold. Spinning rapidly down the latter part of the way, the shore is reached just as the disappearing sun is turning the waters of the Gairloch to a sea of gold.

From Gairloch, steamers ply daily to the Isle of Skye.

CHAPTER XVII

SKYE, THE ISLE OF MIST

SKYE is often referred to as "The Isle of Mist," but if one has spent days of sunshine on the lovely island, ever after it lives in memory radiant with colour, and swept by breezes so soft and fresh and pure that they might have come from the heights of Parnassus. Its rocky and precipitous shores, terminating here in rugged cliffs and bold headlands and there in lofty mountains, reflect the gleam of emerald and sapphire seas, while over its high rolling moorland dotted with wild flowers, or carpeted with purple heather, hangs the bluest of blue skies. Other days are forgotten—days when soft grey clouds cover the sky, and turn the seas to deeper grey, when the dark, shattered peaks of the Coolins loom threateningly out of their dull background, and even the pointed domes of the Red Hills lose their soft pink hue. But whether the day is of grey or of

gold the air is always full of life, and one breathes deeply and walks with a springing step on the Isle of Skye.

Picture an island fifty miles long, and from three to twenty-five miles across, its shore so deeply indented by bays and long tongues of water, called lochs, that no part of the land is more than three and one-half miles from the sea, its high plateau-like surface broken by groups of hills and mountains, some of them rising from the ocean, and you will have the chief physical characteristics of Skye. The precipitous cliffs of the coast and the different layers of rock, sometimes cropping out on the summits of the mountains, give some indication of the manner of Skye's creation, and make the island a happy hunting-ground for geologists. Here sheets of lava have pushed their way between layers of basalt, and there are the scratches and boulders left by the glaciers of past ages. Of the island's many peninsulas the two in the north stretch out like wings, which probably gave the Gaelic name of "Winged Island" from which the present name, "Skye," is descended.

Swift and well-appointed steamers ply the waters around Skye, and also go to the Outer

Hebrides. On a bright summer day nothing can be more delightful than to glide over the sparkling waters and to explore some of the lochs on which there always rests the atmosphere of mystery and romance peculiar to this whole region. It was the home of the gifted and interesting Celtic race. For nearly three centuries the Norse rovers made it their hunting-ground, and the brave galleys of Hakon sailed past the east coast, down through the narrow strait ever after called Kyleakin, Strait of Hakon, and on to Largs, whence only the remnant of the mighty fleet returned.

When James V made a tour through the Highlands and Islands, to subdue his unruly subjects, which he accomplished by carrying off several of the chiefs of the clans as prisoners to London, he anchored in Portree Harbour, and, with great pomp and magnificence, spread his royal tents on the shore where now stands Portree, "the port of the king." Following the "Forty-five" Skye had such a halo of romance cast over it, that the glow never has become dim.

After the battle of Culloden, Charles escaped to the Highlands, whence he went to the Hebrides, a hunted fugitive with a heavy price

Crofter's Cottage, Isle of Skye.

on his head. Hanoverian militia were hot on his track, but he was shielded by one and another of the clansmen, who provided him with food, kept a boat in readiness, and when discovery seemed imminent spirited him away to some new hiding-place. For two months and a half the pursuit was so close that often he could not spend more than a few hours or perhaps a night in a place, and it was when he seemed about to be cut off by the militia that it was arranged that Flora Macdonald, daughter of Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in Skye, should assist the prince to escape. Her father was the commanding officer, but was secretly a Jacobite, consequently, when she was arrested on her way to Ormaclode to complete her arrangements, she was released and provided with a passport for herself, her Irish maid, "Betty Burke," and her attendants. She had met the prince once before in Edinburgh, but she had some difficulty in recognising in the hunted and haggard man to whom she was guided in Benbecula the debonair prince who had been the idol of the gay throng at Holyrood. They crossed the Little Minch, and tried to land on Vaternish, the northwest wing of Skye, but, almost running

into an encampment of soldiers, they drew out, followed by several shots. At last they made a landing near Monkstat, the home of Sir Alexander Macdonald. When his wife, Lady Margaret, learned of the prince's arrival, she was thrown into an agony of terror, as she was entertaining at dinner an officer of the neighbouring camp. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who was one of the guests, was taken into his host's confidence, and immediately volunteered to take care of the prince. While Lady Macdonald and Flora sat at table with the officer, Kingsburgh, with a bottle of wine and some bread in his pockets, went down to Prince Charlie, who, in the habiliments of "Betty Burke" was hiding among the rocks. At nightfall Kingsburgh took the disguised prince and Flora to his home, which was a few miles farther south. On their arrival Kingsburgh's little daughter ran upstairs to tell her mother, who had just gone to bed, that her father had brought home "the most odd, muckle, ill-shaped old wifie" she had ever seen. Lady Kingsburgh's alarm when she discovered who the "old wifie" was gave place to apprehension over the state of her larder, the simple contents of which she did

not consider suited to royalty. The prince, however, who had suffered great privations, enjoyed his supper and the luxury of a night between the clean sheets which were sacredly preserved as shrouds for Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald. The next afternoon Charles went to Portree to take a boat for Raasay. At the inn he bade farewell to the brave girl, whose courage had brought him through so much danger. As he entered the boat, he turned with the words, "For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet."

In two days he was back in Skye, and after some rough travel down through Loch Sligachan and between the Coolins and the Red Hills, he was concealed in a cave on Loch Scavaig, whence he was taken to the mainland. After more weeks of concealment and exciting adventures, he sailed on a French ship to the Continent.

For her share in Prince Charles's escape, Flora Macdonald was arrested and taken to London, but she was soon released to find herself made a heroine. When she returned to Skye, she was married to the son of Macdonald of Kingsburgh.

It was to Kingsburgh that Boswell and Johnson came to see Flora Macdonald when they made their famous Hebridean tour. Boswell relates,

"There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By and by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and wellbred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, was a striking sight; for though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here."

Mrs. Macdonald told them the story of Prince Charles's wanderings, and they slept in the room occupied by the prince twenty-seven years before.

Under the shadow of the Coolin Hills, on the southwest side of Skye, lies a sea inlet, Scavaig, the most picturesque loch in Scotland, as Loch Coruisk, to which it leads, is the wildest and most desolate. The entrance to Loch Scavaig is imposing. To the south lie the desolate islands of Eigg and Mull; on each side the irregular shore line is rough with rocks

and caverns, and ahead the towering mountains seem to close in on the approaching steamer. The traveller tries to choose the cavern that is most likely to have been Prince Charlie's hiding-place, but it is not easy to decide upon it in the sunlight, and more often than not a mist adds its obscurity to the vagueness of legend.

Loch Coruisk is an inland lake separated from Loch Scavaig by a few minutes' walk over slippery boulders. It lies in a hollow of the Coolin Hills, and a bleaker, more forbidding scene it would be difficult to imagine than this sheet of water with black, bare mountains of rock, rising precipitously from the edge of the loch to a height of over three thousand feet. The summits are often veiled in mist, but the camera, with keener than human eye, will sometimes bring through the rain and clouds, though dimly, the outline of the splintered pinnacles of the Coolins at the north end of the lake. A few stunted, blackened shrubs on an islet, show an effort on nature's part to soften the severe and melancholy aspect of the place, but they seem only to add another element of gloom, while the clumps of pale heather that grow on the round-

ing plateau of rock from which the loch may be viewed, are not cheered to a brighter colour, even by steadily falling rain. The rounding rock is deeply scratched, and on the rolling surface of the rocky plateau are great boulders which look as if they had been shaped and placed there by a Titan's hand. They are a material reminder of the mighty glacier which æons before flowed over this very spot. Loch Coruisk is best visited by boat from Torrin, by Loch Slapin and Loch Scavaig. The peninsula may be crossed by Kilmaree to Camasunary; but by the latter route we miss the magnificent prospect afforded by the trip over Loch Scavaig.

A beautiful sail up the Sound of Sleat, through Loch Alsh, and past the round tower called Castle Moil, said to have been occupied by a Danish princess, who by a chain stretched across the strait held up passing vessels until they had paid the toll she exacted, and on into the larger sound past the island of Raasay, brings the steamer to the lofty headlands which guard the entrance of Portree Bay. It is a spacious cliff-bound harbour, around one bend of which cluster the houses of Portree, "King's Harbour." The situation of Portree is com-

Rocky Heights and Pinnacles of the Quirang.

manding, but there is an uninviting and disappointing aspect to the town itself from the dingy landing-place to the barren town square, and as a centre for excursions Sligachan is equally convenient, with the additional attraction of natural charm. It stands alone in the heart of a wild and interesting glen at the foot of the Red Hills and the Coolins, near the head of Loch Sligachan, a long tongue of water winding in from the sea.

One of the expeditions most rewarding to the Skye explorer is to the Quiraing, a craterlike, grassy platform on the top of a hill fifteen hundred feet high in the extreme north of the island. From Portree the way leads for the greater distance on the west side of the peninsula of Trotternish, and from the lofty moorland, purple with heather, the eye is charmed by a new view at every turn. Sometimes the moor stretches out to the horizon on each side; then come distant views of a long sea loch with its high cliffs, of a lofty headland, of a tiny hamlet. Skye is only sparsely settled, but crofters' cottages are scattered about in the loneliest spots, barren except for the heather on which the shaggy Highland cattle graze and under which lies the crofter's supply of

fuel. The dark, thatch-roofed cottages stand sometimes in groups, sometimes singly, but they always have a look of isolation, as if they had been taken up bodily from somewhere else and had been deposited but recently in the place where they are found. On the other hand they look as if they were a part of the soil on which they stand, and this gives them an air of permanence. A pile of drying peats at the side of the house is almost all that imparts to the dwelling anything like a domestic air, though occasionally a few chickens, wandering in and out of the front door, attest the hospitality of the inmates.

The shining blue waters of Loch Snizort add to the loveliness of the scene, and the road runs along its east bank, now near the loch, now on the high moorland with the water far in the distance, and now across a singing burn near Kingsburgh where Prince Charles spent the night after he had been brought from Benbecula by Flora Macdonald. Only the site of the house remains, and it is hardly worth a visit, even if success attends the effort of convincing the chauffeur that the object of motoring is not to establish a record but solely to enable the traveller to see the country and

its beauties. At Uig there are a pleasant hotel and comfortable-looking cottages. Here the road divides, one part going straight east to the Quiraing, the other making a circuit around the end of the peninsula, passing the old church and the churchyard where Flora Macdonald's burial-place lies on a wind-swept moorland. An Ionic cross stands over the grave. It has many visitors.

Beyond Kilmuir, at the north of the peninsula, are the ruins of Duntulm Castle, once the seat of the Macdonalds of the Isles. The castle stood on a lofty cliff overlooking the sea, and during the centuries that it was occupied, it must have been almost impregnable. Between the Macdonalds who lived here and the Macleods whose seat was and still is Dunvegan Castle in the northwest wing of Skye, there was always a deadly feud, and in the earlier savage times they practised incredible cruelties on one another. At times so much blood was shed, that that might seem the reason why the heather of Skye is a richer purple than elsewhere.

A little farther on is the Quiraing, that wonderful, pinnacle-girdled, grassy hollow, high above the sea, before whose outer rampart the

mist shifts and deploys like filing regiments in action. The fog floods the crater and piles up on the slopes until only the heather under foot is visible, and then just as despair of seeing the coveted view fills the would-be observer, the sun makes a sudden rift in the masses of grey. Then they close again and seem denser than ever; then comes a wider rift and the sun darts his rays more and more deeply into the thick grey masses until he discloses stretches of heather-covered plain far beneath and occasional gleams from two small shimmering lochs. The contest rages. Once and again the mist lifts and closes in, and it is hard to tell how the day will go. But the sun must triumph, and at last he tears the thick grey masses asunder and sends them in clouds and misty shreds billowing and darting and swooping away. The struggle recalls Wordsworth's description of a similar scene in the "Excursion":

"Oh! 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks, and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array,

Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped."

When this noiseless battle of the elements is over, what a view lies before the eyes! At the right are detached mountainous hills over whose summits rise the distant tips of the Storr Rock's pinnacles. On the left is the range of the Quiraing, topped with rocky spires, ragged walls, and huge masses of weird shapes. Black-faced sheep graze on the green lower slopes which lead down to the wide, purple-mantled plain stretching to the sea. Across its shimmering green waters are visible the rounded outlines of the mountains of Ross-shire on the mainland of Scotland.

The sheep have laid out the trails into the crater, and the wanderer will not be led astray if he follows one of the paths which run along the grassy slope. It winds across the ravines and gullies, down which rush merry little burns, until it reaches the towering pinnacles and the great bastions and escarpments of rock. At the most northerly end the view widens, showing more of the sea and the island-dotted shore. The Quiraing proper is a huge, craterlike hollow, covered with the greenest

grass in peaceful contrast to the lofty crags that tower above it in crude strength. The sheep reach it through a narrow passage between the rocks, but their attitude toward its content is far different from that of the traveller who finds in this fantastic, contradictory spot the realization of some childish dream of giant's horrors and of fairy's joys.

One of the most fascinating and romantic spots in Skye, is the seat of Macleod of Macleod, Dunvegan Castle, said to be the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland. It stands on a rocky promontory near the head of Dunvegan Loch on the northwest wing of Skye. The beautiful park, whose avenue, two miles long, is the approach to the Castle, accords with the present day as did the barren moorland on which its walls looked down in a former age. The grey mass has an ancient and commanding aspect, and though it is in no sense a ruin, the massive walls and towers seem a part of the rock on which they have stood for more than a thousand years. Formerly the only access to the fortress was on the side toward the sea, but now a bridge connects the rock with the mainland and the entrance is on that side. By the kindness of Macleod,

Dunvegan Castle.

visitors to the island are allowed to see the castle and grounds, a privilege which so far seems not to have been abused. The fortress-like character of the building is attested not only by its position, but also by the thick walls of the keep, the oldest part of the castle, and the dungeon, to which the prisoners were let down through a hole in the floor above. We can well imagine that to the unfortunates committed to their depths, such dungeons were the most terrible and hopeless kind. That this one was used, there can be no doubt, since the ferocious acts of cruelty committed by the Macleods and Macdonalds against each other in the days of barbarism are authentic. The drawing-room, a delightful apartment, spacious and comfortable and stately, is in the old keep. The slits which formerly lighted it have been widened to deep window embrasures, which, as the walls of the keep are ten feet thick, make deep recesses through which the light pours in giving an air of cheerfulness which the ancient hall could not have possessed in the grim past.

Among the precious relics of the castle the one most treasured is the Fairy Flag, said to have been given to one of the chiefs by his

fairy wife. She gave it the power, if invoked, of coming to the assistance of the chief or his clan three times, after which the flag and its bearer would disappear. It is said to have responded to two calls, one when it brought victory to the Macleods while having a bitter fight with their hereditary foes, the Macdonalds. The great drinking-horn of Rory Mor (Roderick Macleod), which, filled with wine, the heir was supposed, on coming of age, to drain at a single draught, and a cup of bog oak chased with silver are two more prized relics. The cup is said to be a chalice, dating back to the tenth century, though the inscription, which is supposed to have been added later, bears the date, 1493.

Among the interesting family portraits on the dining-room walls are two beautiful examples of Raeburn's skill and two by Allan Ramsay. A case in the same room contains a lock of Prince Charles's hair, "silky and golden," a waistcoat which belonged to him, and other treasures. Mrs. Macleod, of gracious and gentle charm, led me to the ancient postern or sea gate, which frames a far-reaching view of the loch. Unfortunately the tide was out at the time. While the fairy tower,

which dates from the sixteenth century, was under inspection, the youngest member of the Macleod family, the little granddaughter of the house, appeared in her perambulator, and it was amazing how this morsel of modern human interest could make musty and uninteresting even this fine tower with its haunted room where Boswell and Johnson, and later Sir Walter Scott, slept.

It was in the year 1814, during that cruise with the Lighthouse Commissioners when he visited the Orkney Islands, that Sir Walter visited Skye. He has described his night in the haunted chamber: "I took possession about the witching hour. Except, perhaps, some tapestry hangings, and the extreme thickness of the walls, which argued great antiquity, nothing could have been more comfortable than the interior of the apartment; but if you looked from the windows the view was such as to correspond with the highest tone of superstition. An autumnal blast, sometimes clear, sometimes driving mist before it, swept along the troubled billows of the lake, which it occasionally concealed and by fits disclosed. The waves rushed in wild disorder on the shore, and covered with foam the steep pile of rocks

which, rising from the sea in forms somewhat resembling the human figure, have obtained the name of Macleod's Maidens, and in such a night seemed no bad representation of the Norwegian goddesses called Choosers of the Slain, or Riders of the Storm. Here was something of the dignity of danger in the scene; for on a platform beneath the windows lay an ancient battery of cannon, which had sometimes been used against privateers even of late years. The distant scene was a view of that part of the Cuchullin Mountains which are called, from their form, Macleod's Dining Tables. The voice of an angry cascade termed the nurse of Rorie Mhor, because that chief slept best in its vicinity, was heard from time to time mingling its notes with those of wind and wave. Such was the haunted room at Dunvegan."

The Macleods are deeply interested in the welfare of their tenant crofters, and do all in their power to improve their condition. Crofting life in Skye has an economic interest. The people would be called small farmers if they owned the land; as they rent it, each taking only from one to five acres, they are called crofters. The crofters of Skye pay an

average, perhaps, of between two and three pounds for two or three acres of land. They live in small settlements, for the sake of neighbourhood feeling, apparently, and in driving through the country it is possible to scent a crofter's cottage from afar, by the smell of burning peat, an odor which custom makes as agreeable as that of its companion fragrance, bog myrtle. Peat is the only fuel, and peat-cutting seems to call upon the activities of the whole family. It is a common sight to see both men and women out on the moor, working or standing or even sitting on the ground, quite unprotected from the driving rain, and as unconcerned as if they were ducks.

There is a comfortable inn at Dunvegan, and if one wishes to spend some time away from the bustling, hurried world, there is no place more delightful than this breezy point, with its ozone-filled air, its charming views of land and water, its magnificent sunsets and its unusual excursions by land and sea. But Dunvegan is not the place for the gregarious nor for the excitement-loving. Its rest and peace are for those who find companionship in the beauties of nature.

One of the marked features of Skye is the

view from almost every part of the island of that group of shattered peaks called the Coolin (Cuchullin) Hills. They are so constantly in sight that they exert a charm upon even the withdrawing traveller, making him turn back to see if they are still there and if they present another new and different aspect.

In sailing along the east coast of Trotternish, there is presented a superb view of the slopes and cliffs of the Storr rocks whose highest points reach an altitude of twenty-three hundred and sixty feet. They terminate in the Old Man of Storr, a column or monolith a hundred and sixty feet tall, with tumbled boulders and peaks of fantastic shapes all about its base. The Old Man stands so high that he, too, is visible from almost all parts of the island.

From Skye, the Outer Hebrides may be visited, but they make but small appeal to tourists, though these long, low-lying islands have their share in the romance of Prince Charlie's wanderings.

Skye is always left with regret, and the traveller finds himself filled with wonder as to whether there can be found any other place half so charming. He finds himself quoting

Dunvegan Loch from Postern Gate of Dunvegan Castle.

the "Lament of MacCrimmon," sung as his Highland clan set forth to join the Stuart cause in the "Forty-five."

"Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell each dark glen in which red deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye—to lake, mountain and river—
Return—return—return shall we never!"

The sail from Portree north to Gairloch is in the late afternoon, when the hills of the Ross-shire coast constantly change in form and colour beneath the sunset light. But in going south, the steamer passes through Loch Alsh, where Skye at Kyleakin is only a half mile from the mainland, through Kyle Rhea, and on past southern Skye, through the Sound of Sleat. Almost the whole time the serrated peaks of the Coolin Hills, dark and forbidding, the rounded yellowish cones of the Red Hills and the individual mass of Blaaven seem constantly to alter their positions. The coast of the mainland is broken by numerous long sea lochs. Between Loch Nevis—the Loch of Heaven—and Loch Hourn—the Loch of Hell—is a wild, mountainous region, the highest peak of which rises to an altitude of thirty-three hundred and forty-three feet. Both

lochs are overhung by precipitous mountain masses, and are so similar that there seems to be no reason for a difference of name or any opportunity for a Purgatorial Between.

In Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ* there is a "Boat Song" whose yearning expresses the emotion of even other than the Highland-born as they look back upon the haze-hung cliffs of Skye.

"From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of the seas,
But yet the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

CHAPTER XVIII

GLENCOE AND THE LAND OF LORNE

NO student of Scotland's history, and no seeker into the varieties of her scenery, will omit going to the Pass of Glencoe, and when he finds himself at Fort William after examining the surrounding country, Lochaber, he realises that now is the appointed time. If he is blessed with happy meetings, he may have the fortune of a recent tourist who stepped into the steamship office at Fort William and saw no one to satisfy his inquiring mind. In a moment, however, a sturdy little figure in a blue sailor suit walked in with much dignity and sedateness, saying, slowly, "No-bud-dee-in." The little man is Johnnie Macphee, aged three, son of the agent. The Scot assumes responsibility at an early age!

For some distance after leaving Fort William, old Ben Nevis towers above on the east.

At the summit of Ben Nevis is an observa-

tory, the view from which is described by Sir Archibald Geikie:

"While no sound falls upon his ear, save now and then a fitful moaning of the wind among the snow-rifts of the dark precipice below, let him try to analyse some of the chief elements of the landscape. It is easy to recognise the more marked heights and hollows. To the south, away down Loch Linnhe, he can see the hills of Mull and the Paps of Jura closing the horizon. Westward, Loch Eil seems to lie at his feet, winding up into the lonely mountains, yet filled twice a day with the tides of the salt sea. Far over the hills, beyond the head of the loch, he looks across Arisaig, and can see the cliffs of the Isle of Eigg and the dark peaks of Rum, with the Atlantic gleaming below them. Farther to the northwest the blue range of the Coolin Hills rises along the sky-line, and then, sweeping over all the intermediate ground, through Arisaig and Knoidart and the Clanranald country, mountain rises beyond mountain, ridge beyond ridge, cut through by dark glens, and varied here and there with the sheen of lake and tarn. Northward runs the mysterious straight line of the Great Glen, with its chain of lochs. Thence to east and south the same billowy sea of mountain-tops stretches out as far as eye can follow it—the hills and glens of Lochaber, the wide green strath of Spean, the grey corries of Glen Treig and Glen Nevis, the distant sweep of the moors

and mountains of Brae Lyon and the Perthshire Highlands, the spires of Glencoe, and thence round again to the blue waters of Loch Linnhe."

Loch Linnhe narrows between lofty banks, and from it opens like a pocket Loch Leven—not the fresh water loch connected with Queen Mary's tragedy, but an arm of the western sea, making its way inland. At Ballachulish, a town of slate quarries, a coach is waiting to take passengers through the Pass of Glencoe.

The story of the Massacre of Glencoe, which took place in 1692, reveals a baseness and a savagery on the part of the perpetrators not surpassed in the settling of the deadly clan feuds in the earlier and supposedly more barbaric days. The Glencoe Massacre, moreover, was carried out by the order of the government—William III's government. It was after the battle of Killiecrankie, when the Jacobites were without a leader. The government offered full pardon to all the Jacobite chiefs who would take the oath of allegiance before December 31, 1691. A good many of the chiefs held back, but before the end of the year all had taken the oath except two Macdonalds, Glengarry and MacIan of Glencoe.

MacIan was a proud old man, but he knew that for the sake of his clan he must take the oath, so on December 31 he humbled his pride, and went to Fort William. There he found that the Governor, Colonel Hill, was not able to administer the oath, not being a sheriff.

The colonel wrote a letter of explanation to the sheriff, and gave it to MacIan, who hurried south along snowy roads and over snow-covered mountain passes to Inverary. The distance is considerably over eighty miles, and at that stormy time of year, the old chief's journey amid snow and ice must have been terrible. The sheriff was at his home some distance from Inverary, so it was impossible for the now desperate man to take the oath till January 6. This belated oath did not content the Master of Stair, who had been waiting for an opportunity to make an example of some of the clans, nor did it satisfy the Earl of Breadalbane, one of the Campbells, who were enemies of Glencoe. By command of the Master of Stair, on the first of February, Captain Campbell of Glenlyon with a troop of a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyll's regiment, entered the glen with orders to kill all the inhabitants under seventy years of age.

The captain was to wait till another body of soldiers came to guard the exits of the glen, so that none might escape. When Glenlyon arrived with his men, he quieted the alarm of the Macdonalds, by saying that they had come in peace to stay there until Fort William was ready to receive them. The people of the glen made them welcome and entertained them as guests for the next twelve days. The time appointed for the slaughter was at five o'clock in the morning of February 13. It was storming heavily and had been all night, when the signal was fired. The soldiers began by murdering their hosts in their beds. The aged chief MacIan, was summoned to his door, and was shot as he was inviting his guests to enter. Not even women or children were spared. The firing of guns and the flames of the houses which had been set on fire, aroused the remainder of the inhabitants, who, under cover of the storm, fled, scantily clothed, to the surrounding hills. Many of them died from exposure. Through a fortunate mismanagement, Glenlyon and his men succeeded in despatching only about thirty-eight of the clan. Among those who escaped were two of MacIan's sons. With the houses burned and all

the cattle driven away, Glencoe was left indeed a valley of desolation.

When this atrocious deed became known, it was not unnatural that it should evoke criticism, and a trial of the perpetrators of the act was recommended! But nothing was done, and King William's view of the massacre is made clear by the pension he bestowed on the Master of Stair.

The coach road from Ballachulish runs for some miles along the shore of Loch Leven. There are lovely views of the green heights across the water and of the mountains of Glencoe. On an island are the remains of a Columban monastery. The red roofs of Invercoe House, the seat of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, a Canadian whose title is of recent creation, makes a bright bit of colour amid the rich green of the lofty wooded bank on which it stands. The road, after crossing the river Coe, or Cona Water as it is more poetically called, makes a sharp turn up the glen, looking in the distance like a ribbon as it follows the windings of the river. A few years ago, a descendant of the Glencoe Macdonalds erected an Iona cross to mark the scene of the Massacre. It was not necessary; some of the

Scene of the Glencoe Massacre.

ruined cottages still stand, mute witnesses of the outrage of that terrible morning. Descriptions of Glencoe usually speak of it as a scene of utter desolation, a "Glen of Weeping." Macaulay calls it "the very Valley of the Shadow of Death." These names might be fitting on a gloomy winter day, but surely the glen on a midsummer afternoon, even under a heavily clouded sky, with occasional dashes of rain, has a beauty and grandeur that do not suggest mournfulness more than do other grandly beautiful solitudes. A low mound running through the lower part of the vale is covered with the greenest of grass and scattered groups of trees. On each side and beyond, the lofty mountains, closing in, are covered with a mantle of greenest velvet. To be sure it looks no thicker than velvet, and one feels that the slightest scratch would reveal the native rock beneath, yet just that bit of verdure softens the steep ridges so that they do not seem desolate. Farther up the pass, the colours of the lofty slopes change to grey and brown, relieved by occasional bits of green. There, indeed, the scene becomes so majestically solemn, that by some it might be thought desolate, but the sunshine that follows rain,

falling on the still waters of a little loch, gives an atmosphere of warmth and peace that do not leave room for loneliness or even suggest weeping.

Was it Rochefoucauld who said "I am never less alone than when I am alone"? He would have liked the solitude of Glencoe.

Back to Ballachulish and Loch Linnhe, and on toward the ocean, and the steamer passes Stalker Castle, built by Stewart of Appin as a hunting-lodge for his relative, James IV. On the long, low green island of Lismore, which means Great Garden, are the remains of an old Norse watch-tower and of an early monastery where dwelt the Bishops of Argyle. A wooded peninsula at the mouth of Loch Etive bears the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, for a long time the fortress-capital of the Scottish kingdom before the Pictish kingdom was united with it. Here was kept the sacred Scottish coronation stone, said to have been brought from Ireland to Iona, afterward placed in Dunstaffnage, and when Kenneth M'Alpin made Forteviot the capital of the united kingdom of Picts and Scots, removed to the Abbey of Scone, whence in 1296, King Edward I removed it to England. The castle,

which is rectangular, with towers at three corners, evidently was built as a mighty stronghold. Its base is a lofty rock and it is carefully protected by escarpments. It is an ancient and picturesque old pile surrounded by trees. Here Flora Macdonald, after assisting in the escape of Prince Charles, was imprisoned for a time. Two miles up Loch Etive, which is another pocket like Loch Leven, the water comes roaring down the Ossianic Falls of Lora.

Mountains are all about. At the east rise the twin peaks of Ben Cruachan, on the other shore the slopes of Morven are dark against the sky, and farther south are the heights of the Ross of Mull. Oban Bay is a beautiful sight when the sun is setting across the water, and shining upon the yachts and small boats of all kinds in the broad roadstead. The town lies around a crescent-shaped bay with wooded hills rising at the back and in front, and across a mile of water, the long island of Kerrera. Oban is chiefly a summer resort. It is often called the capital of the Western Highlands, and it owes a great deal of its popularity to the fact that it is one of Scotland's many excellent centres for excursions by both land and

sea. Near by is Dunollie Castle, reached by a walk of a mile along the shore. It makes a pleasant stroll with views of the land across the Firth of Lorne. Dunollie Castle, of which little more than the ivy-clad keep remains, was the ancient seat of the Macdougals, the Lords of Lorne, one of whose descendants occupies Dunollie House not far away. A family treasure is the historic "Brooch of Lorne." After Robert the Bruce was defeated by Edward I at Methven, he fled to the Highlands, where he was beset by many foes, among them the chief of the Macdougalls. The hand-to-hand encounter he had with the Macdougalls is described by Walter Scott:

"He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and, placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them. Three followers of Macdougall, a father and two sons called McAndrosser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion or make him prisoner. The three rushed on the King at once. Bruce was on horseback in the straight pass betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized the horse's rein such a

blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The King, setting spurs to his horse made the animal suddenly spring forward so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and, as he was endeavouring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the King, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the King struck his third assailant so heavy a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the King's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch or clasp by which it was fastened, and leave that, and the mantle itself, behind him. The brooch which fell thus into the possession of Macdougall of Lorn is still preserved in that ancient family as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor."

This combat is said to have taken place near a spot about thirty miles east of Oban. The brooch is described in the "Lord of the Isles":

"The Brooch of burning gold
That clasped the chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As thro' night's pale rainbow gleaming."

Loch Awe, more gentle in aspect than the more northern lochs, and thought to rival Loch Lomond in peaceful charm, is worth seeing. The magnificent Pass of Brander, between the north end of Loch Awe and Loch Etive, was the scene of another contest between Robert Bruce and the Macdougalls, in which the latter were thoroughly worsted. On this occasion there was a considerable force of men on each side.

The sail from Oban to Glasgow through the Crinan Canal, the Kyles of Bute, and the Clyde is an experience that can be enjoyed even by those who are not good sailors. But the most interesting excursion of all that Oban offers, takes the wanderer to the Isles of Staffa and Iona, lying off the seaward shore of Mull. It is an all-day sail, and the boat can stay for so short a time that those who are especially interested in the Sacred Isle of Iona would do well to spend a night on the island.

The sail from Oban through the Sound of Mull is strikingly beautiful. On crossing the Firth of Lorne Dunollie rises near with Dunstaffnage in the distance. Upon the Lady Rock, covered at high tide, Maclean of Duart, who seems to have been a husband who believed in being the master of his own house at any cost, left his wife, a daughter of the Earl of Argyle, to be swept off by the rising waters. Fortunately the lady was rescued by some fishermen, to the confusion of Maclean, who was pursued and killed by one of his brothers-in-law. On the east rise many mountain summits over which Ben Cruachan towers. Entering the Sound of Mull, on the right rise the mountains of Morven, on the left those of the Isle of Mull, the cliffs on both sides being crowned by the ruins of ancient castles. Duart Castle is on a rocky promontory of Mull, and on an island near is the Memorial Beacon raised to William Black who has pictured the beauties of western Scotland in many of his novels. On the Morven cliffs is the old castle of Ardtornish, where Scott laid the opening scene of "Lord of the Isles."

" 'Wake, Maid of Lorn!' the Minstrels sung.
Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung,

And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,
Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the Deep.
Lulled were the winds on Inninmore,
And green Loch-Alline's woodland shore,
As if wild woods and waves had pleasure
In listing to the lovely measure.
And ne'er to symphony more sweet
Gave mountain echoes answer meet,
Since, met from mainland and from isle,
Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle,
Each minstrel's tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day."

Farther along on Mull is the ruin of Aros Castle, once a stronghold of the Lords of the Isles. On the Ardnamurchan shore, the most westerly point of Scotland's mainland, is Mingarry Castle, named in Scott's poem as one boundary of the possessions of the Lords of the Isles. It has been a ruin for nearly three centuries.

"From where Mingarry, sternly placed,
O'erawes the woodland and the waste,
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
Of Connal with his rocks engaging."

Round the northern end of Mull there are distant views of the heights on Eigg and Rum

and of Skye's Coolin Hills, and, turning the back on them, to the south is the Isle of Ulva, whose chief is the hero of "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

"The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard—but witness mine!'"

Staffa rises rather abruptly from the water and is only about a mile and a half in circumference. A great red rowboat from the island of Gometra, five miles away, takes ashore passengers from the steamer. The island is formed of basaltic columns like those of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, where they are found on a much grander scale. It is said that the columnar formation extends under the water all the way between the two places. They are wonderful, these columns, for the most part hexagonal in shape and fitting together so closely that there is not room for a sheet of paper to be slipped between them. There are several caves in Staffa, but the grandest of them and the one most visited is Fingal's Cave, named from the Ossianic hero, King of Morven. Miss Gordon Cumming has given a rarely beautiful and poetic description of Fingal's Cave.

"A wondrous fane indeed, with the perfect symmetry of its countless gigantic columns, and marvellous roof formed (like the strange pavement outside, and like the gallery on which we stand) of the broken bases of hexagonal pillars, which fit together in faultless honeycomb. The colouring, too, is a marvel of beauty, for this basalt combines every tint of rarest

marble that ever human skill brought together to decorate the costliest temple. Warm red and brown and richest maroon tones prevail, but the whole gleams with green and gold lichen and sea-weed, while here and there a mosaic of pure white lime has filtered through, encrusting the pillars, which seemed transformed to snowy alabaster. Ever and anon, the innermost depths of the great chancel gleam with a sudden flash, as the clear green wave comes swelling in, overflowing the causeway of broken pillars that forms so marvellous a pavement, and breaking in pure white foam, which shows more dazzling against the gloom of that sombre background, and casting trembling reflecting lights, which trickle and waver over every hidden crevice of roof, or clustered columns. Quick as the thunder-roar follows the lightning flash is that white gleam succeeded by a booming sound, louder than the thunder itself, yet mellow as the sweetest note of some huge organ, and wakening echoes deeper and more sonorous than ever throbbed through dim cathedral aisles;—echoes which linger and repeat themselves on every side, and are but hushed for one moment of awful silence while the exquisite green water recedes, only to rush back again with renewed force, reawakening that thrillingly solemn chorus, which, in ages long gone, earned for this cave its old Gaelic name of Uaimh Bhinn, 'the melodious cavern.' Altogether it is a scene of which no words can convey the smallest idea, and as we pass suddenly from the

glaring sunlight into that cool deep shade, and look down into the wondrous depths of that world of clear crystalline green, we cannot choose but believe that we have invaded the chosen home of some pure spirit of the sea—some dainty Undine, whose low musical notes we can almost think we discern, mingling with the voice of the waves."

A sail of about half an hour brings the boat to the sacred island of Iona, which was for so many centuries a venerated shrine that it always will have an atmosphere of holiness, naturally fostered by the relics of its days of power and influence. In 563 A.D., Columba, Irish priest and statesman of noble blood, came from his native land in a "coracle." Twelve followers came with him. They built wattled huts of reeds covered with mud, the humble beginnings of the monasteries which were planted all over Scotland. From here Columba sent out missionaries and he himself made journeys to different parts of Scotland where he not only taught the people Christianity but exercised considerable political influence. Though Columba doubtless brought Christianity to the greater part of North Britain, St. Mungo or Kentigern was working at the same time among the Britons about the Clyde. This

Celtic establishment of Columba's was composed of monks, who lived in a little community grouped around the church. They lived hard, plain lives providing for all their own needs, working among the poor, preaching, copying books.

The Norsemen ravaged Iona again and again, and in time these onslaughts led to the disorganization of the monasteries, and the monks were dispersed. They were followed by the Culdees, religious men who lived as hermits. Scattered all over Scotland are the remains of the early monasteries, and of the later Culdee cells. The Culdees themselves, after a time, gathered and lived in communities under an abbot.

Iona's name was formerly Icolmkill, "Isle of the Cell of Columba." The Gaelic name, I hona, means "Sacred Isle" and also "Isle of the Druids." St. Oran's Chapel is probably the oldest building on the island, and is thought to have been built by St. Margaret, queen of Malcolm Canmore. She it was who built the tiny chapel in Edinburgh Castle. The nunnery is probably of later date. Columba did not approve of women, and would not allow any women on his island. When religious as-

pirations drew nuns in that direction in the saint's time, they had to have their establishment on a neighbouring island. The burial-ground of Iona is called Reilig Oran, and it was evidently considered as holy by the adherents of the Celtic Church as is the ground of sacred Benares to the Hindoos. Here are buried the bodies of sixty kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway. One French king is said to have been brought here for interment. There is also a row of graves of the great chiefs, Macleods of Macleod, Macdonalds, Macleans, and other clansmen. Of the three hundred crosses which formerly stood on the island only two remain, the others having been thrown into the sea at the time of the Reformation, when all the religious buildings on the island also suffered. The two existing crosses probably date as far back as the twelfth century. They are tall, St. Martin's cross being fourteen feet high. Both are elaborately sculptured. The cathedral has been restored by the Established Church of Scotland to which it was bequeathed by a late Duke of Argyle. The only relic of Columba is a stone which is preserved in the cathedral and is said to have been his pillow. The tomb from which the

saint's bones were taken to Dunkeld by Kenneth M'Alpin, is also pointed out. Little is left of the monastic buildings, which formerly included a fine library.

It was a strange place for Columba to choose wherein to establish his church, but the power of his foundation is shown by the facts that Iona, a little out-of-the-way island, was to the Celtic Church what Rome was to the Catholic.

The steamer's run back to Oban completes the circuit of the island of Mull, coasting as it does along the south of the Ross of Mull. Not far from Iona is the island of Earraid of which Robert Louis Stevenson has written a notable description.

CHAPTER XIX

SCENES IN "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

IN taking the tour through the Trossachs, the most charming and typical in Scotland, the best starting-point is Glasgow. There is a train ride of about half an hour, the greater part of the way along the north bank of the Clyde, where is visible a good deal of the ship-building industry for which Glasgow is famous. The historic rock of Dumbarton is passed, in ancient days the seat of government of the Strathclyde Brythons, at a later date the prison of Wallace and the fortress which sheltered little Queen Mary on the eve of her sailing for France. At Balloch Pier on Loch Lomond a steamer awaits. As the boat steams up the Loch, which is very wide in the southern part, at the left is Glenfruin, which was the scene of a terrible clan-battle between the Macgregors, who were wild and uncontrolled, and their enemies, the Colquhouns. The Colquhouns precipitated the fight and hoped, with

their superior numbers, to surround and exterminate their foes. The Macgregors, however, notwithstanding the disparity of their forces, gained a complete victory, taking prisoners as well as killing many of the Colquhouns. Two hundred of the latter were left dead on the field. Scott writes: "The consequences of the battle of Glen-fruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered an unruly clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the king in Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI was so much moved by the complaints of this 'choir of mourning dames,' that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts." The atmosphere of peace which now fills these silent glens gives, happily, no suggestion that they were once the scene of dreadful strife. Life seems to

have had but little value in those former days, and an enemy was a person to be exterminated. Nevertheless, the Highland idea of hospitality was so exalted that a stranger was never asked his name or lineage before refreshment had been offered and accepted.

Opposite Glenfruin, at the end of a large wooded island, are the ruins of an old castle. There are several of these islands, thirty-two it is said, adding their beauty to the loch which is thought by some to surpass either the Swiss or the Italian lakes. Though Loch Lomond has a charm and loveliness all its own, the comparison seems far-fetched. Moreover, in adjusting the mind to such comparisons, a person in the midst of beautiful scenery loses, perhaps, its most intimate appeal.

One of the pleasures of sailing on the long Scottish lochs is the frequent crossing and recrossing of the water to stop at the stations or piers on each side. On calling at Balmaha the steamer rounds Inchcailloch, "the Island of Women." The island is an old burying-ground of the Macgregors, and there are ruins of the nunnery which once stood there.

Loch Lomond lies between two ranges of mountains of which the highest, old Ben

Lomond, soon comes into view on the east, and thereafter dominates the whole scene even when, as frequently happens, his head is wrapped in clouds. At the upper or northern end of the loch, at Ardlui, the journey may be continued by either coach or train through lovely Glen Falloch to Crianlarich. But to continue the journey to the Trossachs a change is made at Inversnaid where coaches are waiting to cover the five miles to Loch Katrine. If the traveller is not hurried, he will be well repaid for lingering here long enough to take some of the delightful walks in the neighbourhood. A mile beyond Inversnaid, up the lake shore, is Rob Roy's Cave, where he is said to have kept his prisoners and which, tradition has it, Robert Bruce as well as Rob Roy, used as a place of concealment. The outflow of the Arklet is at Inversnaid near the hotel. The water leaps down in a lovely waterfall.

It was here that Wordsworth met the lovely girl who inspired his poem "To a Highland Girl" of which this is the last stanza:

> "Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
> Hath led me to this lonely place.
> Joy have I had; and going hence
> I bear away my recompense.

In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her:
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part,
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!''

In leaving Inversnaid there is a steep ascent through the glen of the Arklet, then the road runs out on the high open moor where little grows but heather, though beside tiny streams the delicate forget-me-not sometimes blossoms bravely. Here the shaggy, long-haired Highland cattle graze, just pausing to look out between their broad, long horns as the coach rolls by. In the middle of the moorlands is little Loch Arklet with low, barren shores, a Highland tarn, on the farther banks of which is the shieling, which was the home of Helen Macgregor, the wife of Rob Roy. The road drops abruptly down to Stronachlachar on the shore of Loch Katrine, so called, Scott believed,

from the "Caterans" or robbers who infested its shores. "The Lady of the Lake" should be read amid these scenes which it describes so vividly. Like great Loch Lomond this loch lies between two ranges of mountains, and is wild at its northern end from which opens Glengyle, where Rob Roy was born. From Stronachlachar is an extensive view throughout the southern portion of the loch, the lower slopes of whose mountains are covered with trees. The steamer, winding down between the wooded banks with the rugged heights of Ben Venue towering in the south and the gentler summit of Ben A'an in the north, all too soon comes to Ellen's leafy Isle which, in spite of the encroachments of the Water Department of the City of Glasgow, must look very much as it did on the day that James Fitz-James hunted the stag till his faithful grey fell under him with fatigue. As Fitz-James, coming toward the loch from the east through the Pass of the Trossachs, was lured on by the rare and unusual beauty of his surroundings,

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;

Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For with their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrub with thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.''

Fitz-James reached the end of the pass which in Scott's time evidently had not the easy exit and entrance enjoyed by the traveller of the present day.

Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine.

"And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

As he advanced,

"Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;

Lost for a space, through thickets veering
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea."

He gained a headland on Loch Katrine:

"From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed,
And 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey."

As night was approaching he sounded his horn, hoping to draw some member of his company whom he had left far behind.

"But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,

From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A Damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched the silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake."

The maiden, startled at the sight of a stranger, heard his tale of a "benighted road," then explained that his coming had been foretold by their harper, and that all was in readiness to receive him. She guided him to the shallop, which Fitz-James rowed to the island.

"The stranger viewed the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,

Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground;
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.''

They entered the hall which was filled with trophies of the chase:

''The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name;
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names—
'The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James.' ''

This was, as every lover of Scott knows, the retreat of Roderick Dhu, who was giving shelter to the banished Douglas and his lovely daughter, together with Allan Bane, the picturesque old family harper of the Douglas. The next morning the stranger departed. As

GLENFINLASS: A TYPICAL HIGHLAND SCENE.

Ellen, guarded by the harper, sat on the island, they viewed a stirring scene.

"Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And bearing downward from Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's bannered pine
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave;
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain."

The song which they sang with the swing of their oars is too well known to quote—and yet one verse to give the lilt of it:

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the evergreen pine!
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew;
Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'"

A splendid pageant it must have been, those vigorous clansmen in all the bravery of their Highland trappings, which seem peculiarly fitted to the country, the very tartans having the colours of the heather and bracken and other growths of the mountainsides.

The following day Roderick Dhu sent the Fiery Cross to summon the members of Clan Alpine to assemble on Lanrick Mead.

"Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew.

. . . . . .

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repassed the heights of Ben-venue.

Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch-Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array."

Roderick Dhu conducted Fitz-James as far as Coilantogle Ford.

"A stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.

. . . . . .

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,

With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand."

The present-day traveller coming from Stronachlachar lands at the Trossachs Pier. The walk through the mile-long Pass of the Trossachs is an experience apart, but most journeyers hasten to the top of one of the waiting coaches, where, if they are fortunate enough to secure a box-seat, they have views of "the Trossachs' shaggy glen" that will be a joy to them ever after. The Pass opens into the valley where lies lovely Loch Achray. To be sure the coaches stop for a while at the great Trossachs Hotel, but there still hangs over the loch the atmosphere of peace felt by Scott. In the chase that begins "The Lady of the Lake," the hunted stag sought the nearest cover.

"But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,

And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue."

Later in the poem, in response to the Fiery Torch,

"Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud."

The coach follows a charming, shady road along the shore of Loch Achray, and crosses the Brig o' Turk where, in the hunt

"Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone."

Beyond the Brig on the shore of Loch Vennachar is Lanrick Mead, the mustering-place of the clan. The road skirts the loch, and passes Coilantogle Ford, the place to which, in fulfilment of his promise, Roderick Dhu guided Fitz-James and then challenged him

to mortal combat. At the north are the slopes of Ben Ledi, "Mountain of God," on whose green summit "the ancient Druid fires were kept." The drive ends at Callander, which stands in the valley of the Teith, in the heart of a delightsome country.

From Callander one can go by train to Stirling and on to Edinburgh all in the same day, if time presses, but it makes a long day. A picturesque and interesting line of railway runs from Callander through the Pass of Leny, between Ben Ledi and Loch Lubnaig and on to Loch Awe and the Pass of Brander to Oban. From the Trossachs a road winds around the head of Loch Achray and, running south, climbs a heather-covered moorland, whence there are glorious views of Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray and, keeping guard over them, Ben Ledi and Ben Venue. After the summit of the climb is passed, there is a steep descent, with superb views, to Aberfoyle, a place full of interest in connection with Scott's writings, and one of the haunts of Rob Roy. In the novel, "Rob Roy," is a charming picture of Aberfoyle: "To the left lies the valley of the Forth, with the river flowing on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached

Falls of the Clyde, Lanark.

hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, is the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, form the borders of this enchanting sheet of water, and their leaves rustling to the wind and twinkling in the sun, give to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity." The beginning of the Forth near Aberfoyle, is called the Laggan, and the lake referred to is Loch Ard.

CHAPTER XX

GLASGOW, THE CITY OF ST. KENTIGERN

GLASGOW hardly does itself justice by the first impression it makes on the visitor, who sees, as he leaves the station and traverses some of the principal streets, a city of buildings, solid and well-made, but much blackened by the smoke which pours from the chimneys of its numerous factories. It is true that Glasgow is called the commercial capital of Scotland, but it can justly claim other interests which would have more attraction to the average traveller. It is older than Edinburgh, tracing its beginning back to St. Ninian (fifth century), who built a place of worship on the site where the cathedral now stands. Later in the century St. Kentigern, or St. Mungo as he is more familiarly known, built his cell in the place which had been blessed by the presence of St. Ninian, and founded the see of Glasgow. In the eleventh century David I, the king who established so

many beautiful abbeys and other ecclesiastical institutions, founded the cathedral of Glasgow, and it was around the cathedral that the town began to grow. Glasgow has its distinct place in Scottish history, and it was visited from time to time by its sovereigns. Queen Mary was here on several occasions, one of them being when she came to nurse Darnley, while he lay ill with smallpox. When he was able to be moved she had him carried to Edinburgh, where shortly after he was killed in Kirk o' Field. It has never been proved that the Queen had any foreknowledge of this affair. Mary's last visit was after her escape from Loch Leven Castle, when her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, met and defeated the Queen's forces at Langside. The unfortunate young Queen made the fatal mistake of fleeing to England. Langside is now a suburb of Glasgow.

Two hundred years ago, Glasgow was described as a charming place surrounded by gardens and orchards, and even its name, which is Gaelic, is said to mean "the dear, green place." Many writers expatiated on its attractions, its broad handsome streets, its rural charms, and the sweetness of its air! To-day

the city has some fine parks, to be sure, but they are none of them in the main part of the city, which is singularly destitute of any green places to rest the eye, wearied by streets of substantial buildings. The heart of the city is George Square, in the centre of which is the first monument in Scotland erected to Sir Walter Scott. The figure of the poet is supported on a Corinthian column. There are several statues in the square, which has on one side imposing municipal buildings, the seat of a civic government which is considered a model to the world. In the vicinity of the square are some of the handsomest streets, where are splendid shops and indications of a substantial wealth. Not far from these very streets, however, are narrow, crowded thoroughfares, where there is poverty that gives one a heartache all the time he is in the great city. While the city government has given the people of Glasgow splendid advantages, such as the purest water-supply in the world, an unsurpassed tramway service at a minimum fare, fine museums, parks for recreation, and many other privileges, it has never bridged over the great chasm between the abject poverty of very many of its citizens, and the

great wealth of which evidences are to be seen on every hand.

Old Glasgow is, naturally, around the cathedral, though many changes have been made in that section. This church is one of the two cathedrals of Scotland to escape the fury of the Reformation, the other being the Cathedral of St. Magnus in the Orkney Islands. When Glasgow Cathedral was threatened, the burghers, it seems, rose in arms and saved it, though some of the statues suffered. It is a fine Gothic building, and, like the city, is plain and substantial. The interior, though rather cold, is imposing with graceful, lofty arches. St. Kentigern, to whom the building is dedicated, is said to be buried at the east end of the cathedral-site. The crypt is noteworthy with a curious arrangement of its massive pillars, behind one of which Rob Roy concealed himself, as is related in Scott's novel. In this lower church is also shown St. Mungo's well. Near the cathedral and reached by what is called "The Bridge of Sighs" is the Necropolis, the city's old burying-ground. It is a hill completely covered with monuments. In the long ago this used to be a green hill, and must have added much to the attractiveness of the

cathedral. It is to be regretted that the old Glaswegians did not select some other place for their dead.

The University, founded in 1450, the second in Scotland, was near by in High Street, but in recent years the old buildings were taken down to make room for a railway station. The University is now housed on Gilmore Hill, in one of the finest modern buildings of Scotland. Glasgow has many hills and this particular one is in the border of Kelvingrove Park, where are also a museum and the splendid Corporation Galleries of Art, thought to contain the finest collection of pictures and statuary outside of London. In the vicinity of the park are the best residential portions of the city.

From Glasgow Bridge there is a fine view of the Broomielaw, the harbour which Glasgow has made for itself. Formerly the port was several miles down the river, but with tremendous enterprise and at an enormous expense the broom-bordered sand-flats of the Clyde have been metamorphosed into a commodious harbour into which transatlantic steamers can sail. It presents a perfect forest of shipping, while farther down the Clyde are the great ship-

Glasgow Cathedral.

Art Gallery, Glasgow.

building yards, in which have been built some of the largest and finest steamships afloat, among them the "Carmania" and "Lusitania." Its textile and chemical industries form other sources of Glasgow's wealth, as do its blast furnaces.

Glasgow, being in the centre of the Covenanting region, used up an almost unlimited amount of energy during that struggle, a part of which, perhaps, is now being converted to use in carrying on these huge enterprises. A most interesting picture of the Sabbath keeping in the eighteenth century is given by Henry Grey Graham in "Social Life in the Eighteenth Century."

"To secure proper observance of the Sabbath, compurgators, or 'bumbalies,' patrolled the streets and wynds on Saturday night to see that by ten o'clock all folk were quietly at home; and if incautious sounds betokening untimely revelry issued from behind a door, or a stream of light from behind the chinks of a window-shutter betrayed a jovial company within, they entered and broke up the party which dared to be happy so near the Lord's own day. . . . The profound stillness of the Sabbath was preternatural, except when the multitudinous tramp of heavy shoes came from a vast voiceless throng of churchgoers. In

the mirk Sabbath nights no lamp was lit, because all but profane persons were engaged in solemn exercises at home."

Notwithstanding all the changes that have taken place since that austere period, even so recently as twenty years ago the streets of Glasgow, on Sunday morning thronged immediately before and after service, were silent and deserted during that time. Moreover, when the exercises began the church-doors were locked, an incentive to promptness and a quencher to any desire to leave before the service was finished. It was a great innovation, censured by many, when people began to take walks, though they were no more joyous than to the cemeteries. By two decades ago the sons of the family would take promenades along the famous thoroughfare, the Great Western Road, but in many families the daughters were kept at home and occupied with religious reading. I was spending the winter in Glasgow at the time I mention when I received a letter from a Japanese friend who wrote that he would be in Glasgow on Sunday, and asking if he might call on that day, adding that he had heard that "a sparrow in Scotland was

once seen chirping on the Sabbath day and a policeman chased it away." Since that time great changes have taken place, and it may be that in the next twenty years the reaction will be so great that the pendulum will swing too far in the other direction.

CHAPTER XXI

"WE'LL A' BE PROUD O' ROBIN"

WHILE "all roads lead to Rome," the roads of Great Britain are not of such common consent, for some of them centre at Stratford and others wind across the farms and pastures of Ayrshire to the Alloway "clay biggin" where Robert Burns was born. The English dramatist draws his following from the whole world that reads from books, or that looks upon the stage. The Scottish poet's vernacular is a hindrance to his easy understanding, even in his own islands—a much greater hindrance to foreigners—yet so vital is the personality of the man, so simple his recital, so naïve his confessions, and so human-wide the experiences he narrates that in some years the pilgrims to the Alloway cottage outnumber those that register at Stratford and keep hard-beaten the path to Shottery. It is just these same characteristics that made Dickens beloved beyond his own genera-

tion—an abounding vitality showing through the simple narration of experiences common to every member of the human race. The grouping of these characteristics always will make appealing any writer to whom Nature has given the power to express them.

In discussions about the possibility of the production of a "great American novel" the argument frequently is made that a national novel is impossible in a country made up of so many differing elements as is the United States; that only local novels are possible. The unbeliever answers that there is, undeniably, such a thing as Americanism, that this quality may be as apparent in a tale of Oregon as in one of Boston or of New Orleans, and that in so far as it animates the spirit of the story, that story is national and not local. It would be hard to find a more illuminating instance in the similar but wider field of human life, than is given by Burns's work. He sings of the daily lives, the loves, and sorrows of the humble folk of a few insignificant Scottish hamlets, yet his lyrics are so instinct with sympathy, with passion, with remorse, with ardour, with pity, with humour that they belong not to Mossgiel or to Ayrshire, not to Scotland or

even to Great Britain, but to the human race. There is little or no aspiration, and that lack means the missing of the poet's greatest opportunity, but at the same time that very lack endears him to those people—and they outnumber the others—who prefer sitting before the fire in easy slippers to lifting themselves by their boot-straps. He has but little of the bow-wow of historical patriotism, but he has a comfortable sense that no other country is any better than his own, that meets response in everybody, no matter where he lives. He celebrates drinking more than even the easy of to-day approve, and he laments women's frailties, which comes ill from a man who did his frequent best to make them frail; but his weaknesses brought upon him such well-earned retribution that even the sternest moralist must pity his suffering.

He came at a time that was ripe to receive just his expression. Men—even Scotsmen—were weary of formalism in verse, of pedantry in thought, of strictness in religion. Freedom was stirring—the freedom that demanded governmental justice in America and personal justice in France.

Burns, born just a year after Ramsay's

THE BURNS COTTAGE, AYR.

death, inherited the tradition of the vernacular that had meant a literary revolution when the older man first began to write Scots; the tradition which Wordsworth, eleven years younger than Burns, translated into simple English diction. There were plenty of young men, and older ones, too, who woke up to a realisation that Nature did not exist merely to be suppressed, and they welcomed with an enthusiasm that made Burns the most popular man of his generation the voice that spoke of familiar emotions in common speech and was not afraid to intimate that there were other subjects as well worth talking about as metaphysics and theology. It took a long time for the whole people to grasp all that Burns meant, even after they had taken him himself to their hearts. The after-dinner talk which bored Sir Walter might have appeared without change in a serious review, says a critic of the times, and it was almost a century after Elizabeth Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie" before a real love of "things as they are" bore fruitage in the "Kailyard School." But the Scottish temperament is slow, and perhaps a century, after all, is not too long a period of growth for so radical a change.

William Burness, the poet's father, erected with his own hands the Alloway cottage with its flagged floor, its recessed window, and its bed built into the wall—a horror to modern ideas of sanitation, as it is declared by everyone who visits the thatched museum to-day. There Robert Burns was born in 1759 on a stormy January night. When William was hastening to bring an attendant to his wife he encountered on the farther banks of the river an old woman who begged him to take her across the stream. Though the anxious prospective father could ill endure the delay, he mounted her behind him, and sent his horse through the ford once again. When he reached home after doing his errand in Ayr, he found this same old crone sitting before his own fireside, and in her gratitude to him for playing St. Christopher she uttered over the newborn babe a prophecy deftly worded to cover the fate of any child, and to flatter the hopes of any parent, proud of his first-born. As the poet himself tells the tale:

"Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

"The gossip keekit [1] in his loof,[2]
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly [3] boy will be nae coof [4]—
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

A century and a half has passed since that tempestuous winter night, and when on its anniversary the members of the Burns Societies the world over, with national steadfastness to tradition, drink a silent toast to the memory of the ploughman-poet, they may indeed kindle at the thought of the man who expressed the Scottish character of his own day and of ours, and of long days to come, "the Scotchman," as Rossetti says, "who, more than any other man or men, knits together at the present moment Scotchmen all over the globe, and may prolong and intensify for ages the nationalising work in which the battle of Bannockburn and the anti-prelatical reformation under Knox were earlier, yet it may be hardly so powerful coefficients."

[1] Looked. [2] Palm. [3] Goodly. [4] Fool.

Even modern methods of agriculture have not turned Ayrshire into other than a pleasant farming country, and Burns seems to have looked upon its stony fields with the uncompromising eye of the farmer who had to contend with their difficulties rather than with the transforming gaze of the poet. He was observant of the whirl of the storm, of the wimpling of the burn, of the whistling flight of birds, of the crimson tip of the daisy, of the ways of the common beasts—the kine, and the yowes, and the horses, and the dogs. He could sing knowingly of "The Bonny Banks of Ayr":

"The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care
Along the lonely banks of Ayr."

He loved the river of his native place:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary, fu' o' care;

Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn—
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return."

That he was familiar with every step of the surrounding country, is shown in more than one poem. Tam O'Shanter, for instance, dashed away

"Well mounted on his grey mare, Mag,
A better never lifted leg.

. . . . . .

By this time he was 'cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;[1]
And past the birks and meikle stane
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through lika bore[2] the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing."

[1] Got smothered. [2] Every hole in the wall.

Tam's career at every leap is pointed out today, and the worthy himself, with his crony, Souter Johnny, may be seen in effigy in a cave near the Burns monument. "Willie's Mill," near which the writer discussed with Death the activities of Dr. Hornbook, was not imaginary. Simpson's Tavern, the Wallace Tower, Alloway Kirk, the Auld Brig of Ayr which vaunted its sturdy strength against the modern weakness of the New Brig, the Brig o' Doon —arched like the back of an indignant cat— all these or the spots where once they stood may be found by inveterate identifiers.

When Burns went afield, however, he showed himself sensitive to the beauties of which Nature is so prodigal to Scotland, and his verse is enriched by many descriptive lines. The Highlands inspired the well-known stanzas:

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

The Brig o' Doon, Ayr.

"Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."

The Nith aroused the poet to expression; so did Loch Turit; so did Aberfeldy:

"Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonny lassie will ye go
To the birks[1] of Aberfeldy?

"Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

"While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

"The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws[2]
The birks of Aberfeldy.

[1] Birches—Birch-wood. [2] Wooded dells.

"The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

"Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy."

But neither in quantity nor in quality is the verse noteworthy. Scenery in the large did not seem to provoke him to utterance as did the details of the homely life with which he was familiar. He was no impressionist nor could he manage a large canvas. Whittier says of him:

"Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render;—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendour."

When Burns was seven years old, his father moved his family to Mount Oliphant, about two miles farther out from Ayr than Alloway. The buildings of the farm still are standing on an elevation that commands a prospect of the sea and of the Doon. Robert went to school, and he was not too far from Ayr to walk in

and join in its amusements. He made friends who lent him books, and he early grew to a strength that made him a competent helper to his father. To Mrs. Scott, a niece of Mrs. Cockburn, the author of "The Flowers of the Forest," Burns in later life addressed an epistle in which he described this period's duties and pleasures.

"I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,[1]
And first could thrash the barn,
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
And though forfoughten[2] sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn:
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave[3] ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers and haivers[4]
Wearing the day awa."

It was here that the poet was first moved to write verse, inspired by the charms of Nellie Kilpatrick, a young girl who came to help in the harvesting.

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[1] Bashful. [2] Fatigued. [3] Rest. [4] Gossip.

"But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble, right and wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst[1] I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She roused the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,[2]
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een,
That gart my heart-strings tingle!
I firèd, inspirèd,
At every kindling keek,[3]
But bashing, and dashing,
I fearèd aye to speak."

Here is the song in which he described "Handsome Nell":

"Oh, once I loved a bonny lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal, lal de ral, etc.

"As bonny lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

"But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;
And, what is best of a'—

[1] Harvest. [2] Pretty girl. [3] Glance.

Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

''She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

''A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.''

The enthusiasm with which Burns satirized the Kirk and the parsons of his day, undoubtedly was stirred first when the lad sat under the long homilies of the local preachers. That they and their kind were made to sting for their hypocrisy, readers of ''Holy Willie's Prayer'' and the ''Address to the Unco Guid'' readily may understand:

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

''O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibour's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,

The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

. . . . . .

"Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

. . . . . .

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' [1] wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark—
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

After "Handsome Nell" Burns's muse was

[1] A little bit.

touched, like his heart, by Peggy Thomson, to whom he sang:

"We'll gently walk and sweetly talk."

Nell and Peggy were the forerunners of many lasses whose charms were celebrated in many lyrics that count among the best love-songs in literature. In the course of years there was "My Nannie, O!"

"Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heaven will sen' me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I
But live and love my Nannie, O!"

There was Ellison Begbie:

"On Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mien,
The graces of her weelfaurd [1] face,
And the glancing of her sparkling een."

There was a serving lass:

"Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't wi' Montgomery's Peggy."

[1] Well-favored.

There was "lovely Mary Morison":

"O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison."

There was Elizabeth Paton, his mother's servant, the heroine of "The Rantin' Dog the Daddie O't;" and Margaret Chalmers whose charms were extolled in

"My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart."

There were many other lasses whom Burns thought he loved, and many more to whom verses were written in compliment, but of all the list of ardent songs none have touched to tenderness the world that loves a lover more than those addressed to Mary Campbell, the

"Highland Mary" who died, and those telling of his affection for Jean Armour, who married him. The parting between Burns and Mary he tells in these lines:

"Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging oft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!"

The lines "To Mary in Heaven" are thought by many critics to be the best that Burns ever wrote:

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

"Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

Of the many songs to Jean this is one:

"It is na, Jean, thy bonny face,
Nor shape, that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But, dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind."

With the opinion of Dame Nature in "Green Grow the Rashes, O," Burns himself seems to have concurred:

> "Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
> Her noblest work she classes, O;
> Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O."

Whittier, the Quaker celibate, judges Burns acutely and generously:

> "But who his human heart has laid
> To Nature's bosom nearer?
> Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
> To love a tribute dearer?"

When Robert was eighteen, his father moved once more, this time to Lochlea, a bleak spot near Tarbolton and Mauchline and nearer to Kilmarnock than to Ayr. Here Burns joined in all the diversions of the neighbourhood "Hallowe'en" frolics and the convivialities of the Tarbolton Masonic lodge which indirectly inspired "Death and Dr. Hornbook," whose scene is laid at the Mill of Tarbolton—"Willie's Mill." During the next few years he wrote much local verse, some of it more than indifferent jingles, such as "The Tarbolton Lasses" and

"In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.

"Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."

After William Burns's death Robert moved the remaining family to Mossgiel, a farm on an eminence near Mauchline. Here it was that under conditions of hard toil and rude poverty Burns did his best poetical work. It counted epistles to sundry friends, "The Jolly Beggars," "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Holy Fair"—ambitious in length, rich in variety, satirical or coarse or witty as his humour went. Like Kirkoswald, where Burns had studied surveying in the Mount Oliphant days, and like Tarbolton, Mauchline is a town of no distinction. Its people in the poet's day could lay no claim to attention from our day except through his lines, and its buildings may be described in the same way. There still stand the house where Burns lodged, that in which Mary Morison lived, and the dwelling of his friend, Gavin Hamilton, whose experience with the

elders after he had had one of his servants bring in some needed potatoes on Sunday, lashed Burns's indignation to express itself in "Holy Willie's Prayer":

"Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
Wi' grit and sma',
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

"And whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,[1]
As set the world in a roar
O' laughin' at us;—
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes."

In the Hamilton house Burns wrote "The Calf," and in the same room he was married to Jean Armour. The monastic ruins are much the same that they were when he looked upon them, but taverns and shops and even the kirk in whose yard the "Holy Fair" was set, have given way to the march of improvement and either have been torn down or have been put to other uses or have been replaced by newer buildings. The braes and

[1] Disturbance.

burns all round about the poet celebrated in song.

In Kilmarnock, a town given over to the weaving industry, Burns acquired a reputation that won him suspicious rather than friendly glances by his cutting verses on local troubles in politics and the church. Like Mauchline, Kilmarnock has yielded to prosperity and progress, but the building in which the first or "Kilmarnock" edition of poems was printed is still shown. It was the vogue of this edition that made Burns change the plans for going to Jamaica to which he had been driven by the inadequate result of his farming, and which had inspired many mournful lyrics, and sent him to Edinburgh instead. There his career was a social rather than a literary success, and when he returned to Mossgiel, and married Jean and undertook paternal cares, his muse languished indeed.

From the drudgery of his unprofitable farm he was removed to drudgery of another sort—that of gauger or exciseman with an appointment at Dumfries. His duties were not more exacting than when he followed the plough, but they offered temptations to which he was only too prone to yield, and excesses kill the

muse sooner or later. This period is marked by some few bits like "The Dumfries Volunteers," "The Deil's Awa wi' the Exciseman" and "On Excisemen":

"Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers;
What premiers—what even monarchs? mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?"

Of Burns's longer poems "Tam O'Shanter" is perhaps second only to "The Cotter's Saturday Night" in popular liking—which speaks loudly for the catholicity of popular liking. "Tam O'Shanter" belongs to this time, but it speaks no word of Dumfries and is full of minutest mention of Ayrshire localities. Yet there were spots in this new country that interested Burns. Before the altar of the monastery of Greyfriars, on whose site stands Greyfriars Church, Bruce disposed of his rival, Red Comyn, by stabbing him to the heart. Amid the ruins of Lincluden Abbey "A Vision" took form:

"As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,

Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care."

The story of Sweetheart Abbey, seven miles from town, was romantic enough to appeal to any poet and lover. Devorgilla built it as a mausoleum for the heart of her husband, John Baliol, and when she died herself the heart was buried with her.

For three years Burns walked the streets of Dumfries, disgracing his genius daily, and snubbed for it by the "unco' guid." He had written of his wife:

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

"I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.[1]

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

[1] Be lost.

"The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine—"

and Jean stood by him steadfastly through "the warstle and the care" of this period that was but one more of the burdens that Love laid upon her when she gave her heart to Robin.

During the poet's days of failing strength, Jessie Lewars, the daughter of a brother exciseman, was kind to his weakness, and for her he wrote several lyrics, at least one of which has won a place among his best:

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield[1] should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:

[1] Shelter.

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

In the graveyard of the church of St. Michael, Burns and his wife lie buried. Their granddaughter and great-granddaughter still live in the poet's house, which is preserved by the town as a museum. After Burns's death, Dumfries wakened to the fact that she had harboured a genius but coldly, and erected a statue to the memory of the author of the imperishable song which has bound Scotsmen to each other the world around, and all other men to Scotsmen, for its appealing sake.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

"We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

"WE'LL A' BE PROUD O' ROBIN"

"We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

"And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,[1]
And gies a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught[2]
For auld lang syne!

"And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

---

[1] Friend. [2] Draught.

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